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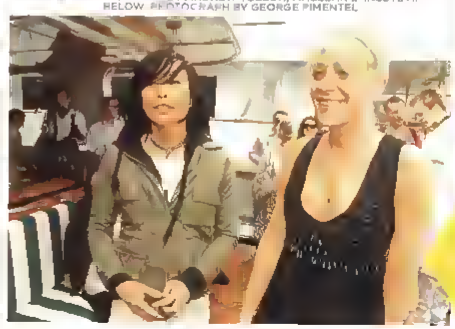
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GARY BETTMAN is an easy target for abuse, but he has turned around a league in trouble

Credit where it's due: Gary Bettman's NHL

Last week, as the Edmonton Oilers were taking control of their playoff series against the Anaheim Mighty Ducks, NHL commissioner Gary Bettman's name was flashed on the scoreboard at Rexall Place. Boos rained from the stands. Bettman gets the same reception in every rink he visits. A couple of weeks from now, when he presents the Stanley Cup to this year's champion, chances are he'll be jeered again. But it's time for hockey fans, especially Canadian hockey fans, to reconsider their loathing of hockey's chief executive. In small cities like Edmonton, fans should be thanking him for ensuring the survival of their beloved teams.

Ever since he started with the league in 1993, Canadians have viewed Bettman with a suspicion bordering on hostility. He was derided for not understanding the game, for being too concerned with expanding the league beyond its traditional northern fan base. When the Quebec Nordiques and Winnipeg Jets transferred to homes south of the border, Bettman was painted as a carpetbagger presiding over the theft of Canada's national game. And when Bettman convinced NHL owners to lock out the players in a labour dispute that ultimately washed out the 2004-05 hockey season, he was widely vilified again. A website called *garybettmansucks.com* sprung up, selling merchandise with the commissioner in a dunce cap, and *BusinessWeek* magazine named him one of the worst corporate managers of 2004.

Now that the NHL's labour dispute is over, all that criticism and animosity seems unjustifiable: the numbers paint a picture of a turnaround any CEO could take pride in.

The year before the lockout, the NHL reported that 19 of the league's 30 teams were losing money, for a total of US$342 million in the 2002-03 season alone. This season, 22 teams are on track to break even or turn a profit. That astonishing financial resurgence is a direct result of Bettman's resolve to get a salary cap tied to league revenues. It was that achievement, more than anything else, that put small-market teams like Edmonton on firm financial ground for the first time in more than a decade. Without it, the Oilers would almost certainly be facing financial oblivion, possibly along with the Ottawa Senators and more than a dozen other franchises.

Instead, the league has ushered in a new era in which small-market teams can compete on a level field with major hubs like New York, Philadelphia and Toronto. Of the final four contenders for the Cup—Edmonton, Buffalo, Carolina and Anaheim—not one made the playoffs last season, and none can count on major corporate support to bolster the bottom line.

There are still challenges. Even with player salaries capped at 54 per cent of league revenues, more than a quarter of teams will lose money this year. In some cities, fan interest has been slow to recover from the lockout. The league still lacks a strong U.S. television contract, and American audience ratings have been dismal. But the reforms put in place through Bettman's leadership have not only improved the excitement of the game, they have renewed the optimism of hockey lovers everywhere. For that alone, he deserves to take some long-overdue credit, and to hear the boos replaced with cheers. M

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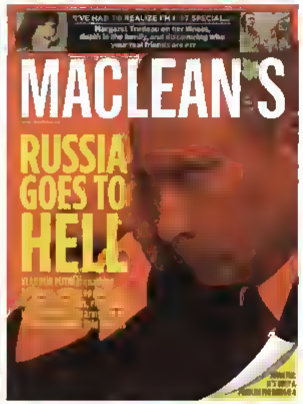
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MAIL BAG

'You jumped to incite hatred against Russia. That is really alarming.'

THE NEW RUSSIA

I AM A RUSSIAN-born permanent resident of Canada and I want to know why your cover line read "Russia goes to hell" (Cover, May 22)? Michael Petrou's article by no means deserves such a grand title. It is just the usual assortment of so-called facts and stories of the kind that have been published in the U.S. for the past two years. What is really alarming is the readiness with which you jumped at the chance to incite hatred toward Russia—and Russians.



You may not want to know it, but the old Cold War started mainly because of bad politicking and misinterpretation on both sides. Playing the same game today is, at the very least, grossly irresponsible.

Dr. Oleg A. Semenikhin, London, Ont.

CONGRATULATIONS for publishing an excellent article. It provides an unbiased and detailed overview of the present political and economic situation in Russia. Also, it is an eye-opener for the Canadian public on the present problems faced by Russia's neighbouring countries, especially Western-oriented, post-revolutionary Ukraine and Georgia. For over 300 years, these countries have been strategically important for Russia as geo-political, economic and industrial sources. Vladimir Lenin, shortly after the Russian Revolution of 1917, stated that Soviet power is possible only with the unity of Russian and Ukrainian proletariats. Therefore, history is currently repeating itself. While reading this article, I thought about the 1937 book by Russian philosopher Nikolai Berdiaev, *The Origin of Russian Communism*. He implied that no matter the change in form of the autocratic Russian state, it does not change its despotic nature. Obviously, the ideas of Russian chauvinism still live in the minds of historically incorrect fanatics.

Stepan Bilynskyy, Thunder Bay, Ont.

THE INTRODUCTION to your story begins, "A faltering economy, stifled freedoms, scared neighbours, global clout and a threat to start an arms race." If it hadn't been for the picture of Vladimir Putin, I would have expected an article about the U.S.

Kevin Byrne, Hanna, Alta.

Petrou writes that the U.S. and its allies "are battling an opponent against whom they must prevail, if democracy is to succeed in Europe and Central Asia." What opponent is that? Putin? And if Putin is the enemy, how will the U.S. and NATO know they have prevailed against him? When all the countries surrounding Russia are members of NATO? When Russia agrees to sell gas to Europe at subsidized Soviet prices? What does it mean for "democracy to succeed" in Europe and Central Asia? How will we know when it does? From 1949 to 1989 we were told that the purpose of NATO was to prevent the U.S.S.R. from using its military might to conquer the world. Is the purpose of NATO now to prevent Russia from projecting power to Georgia and Ukraine and to compel Russia to invite U.S. investors to take over its gas and oil industry?

Mark Marshall, Toronto

THE RITALIN WAR

DANYLO HAWALESHKA'S article about Danielle Lavigueur and her son Gabriel ("A new war over Ritalin," Health, May 15) has more to do with how controversial Scientology is than with how dangerous Ritalin is. As a father of three and a man who is concerned about the future of our kids, I have talked with thousands of parents about the very same thing this article should be focused on—the over-drugging of our kids with these dangerous psychotropic drugs and the coercion used to make the kids take them. I have met parents and relatives of suicide victims using these dangerous drugs, and countless others who have experienced severe side

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'ADHD is a label we have put on kids who don't sit still and do their homework'



effects, including permanent brain damage Nobody cared what my religion was and I didn't care what their religion was All I cared about was that parents were getting educated about the truth of what these drugs do to their kids

Tom Beattie, Fredericksburg, Va.

THANKS VERY MUCH for presenting an interesting article on the war against the "legal" drugging of school kids First off, I do not share the opinion that all drugs are bad and that we should never use any drug However, to use mind altering drugs on schoolchildren is quite another matter When one really looks into this issue of attention deficit hyperactivity disorder, one finds that there is no real medical evidence that this disease actually exists What we do have is a label put on kids who don't sit still and do their homework Has this changed over the past 100 years? Hardly! Now add a poor diet and sugary soft drinks Why would we take for granted the opinion from some person in a white coat, advocating putting our kids on drugs rather than feeding them better? Simple We've been bamboozled into believing that control of our kids is just a pill away

Dr Joel Parker, Vancouver



TRUDEAUMANIA is over, a reader says Move on

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN HAYWARD

WAKE UP, MAGGIE

AS A FELLOW MEMBER of the bipolar disease society, I want to thank you for publishing Anne Kingston's story about Margaret Trudeau (Interview, May 22) I was diagnosed in 1986, and I am pleased to say that I have been symptom free for the past 20 years The more positive publicity this disease receives in the press, the more the public will understand the complexity and the stigma associated with it

Linda Morris, Ottawa

"I'VE HAD TO REALIZE I'm not special" is Margaret Trudeau's quote emblazoned across the cover of your magazine If she finally realizes it, why doesn't *Maclean's*? With all of the rich characters who call this country home, surely you could have found a fresh face—a vital new mind—to interview Trudeaumania is over Move on

Jeff Dewsbury, Langley, B.C.

I FELT A BOND with Margaret when I first arrived in Canada as a new wife in the 1970s, particularly when my first child was born in the Margaret Trudeau room at Women's College Hospital She was very young and inexperienced to be the wife of a prime minister, let alone a man so much older than herself The media has always been very hard on her and yet she handled everything with as much grace as she could muster I cried for her when she lost her son and then Pierre and I'm so happy to hear she has come out of the black tunnel and is so positive about the future We can all learn a lot from her strength and her ability to be herself against great odds I say, bravo, Margaret, and keep on trying to educate us all about mental health and moving forward

Jan Cross, Toronto

WHAT'S IN A NAME

IN MY 20 YEARS as a cabinetmaker building kitchens and furniture for the folks of Muskoka, I'm sure I've been called a few names But until I was quoted in your article about home offices at the cottage, nobody has ever called me "David" ("You call this working?" Home, April 24) Not that there is anything derogatory about the name, it just doesn't happen to be mine

John Swanson, Hodges Landing Urban Country Kitchens and Furniture, Hawkestone, Ont

MAIL BAG

'McColl is not the only veggie vixen to hail from Canada. Pamela Anderson is known the world over.'



TRAGEDY AND CELEBRITY

AS THE TRANSFORMATION of *Maclean's* into a glitzy, pretentiously edgy magazoid proceeds, this long time subscriber takes comfort from the presence of a writer of Barbara Amiel's quality ("Clooney isn't touching this one," Opinion, May 22). As so often, her historically grounded, incisive analysis of a specific case (here the calamity of Darfur) allows her to illuminate the universal nature of antagonisms which transcend both time and place. In the event, what might appear to some as a cynical (not to say nihilistic) conclusion points up the essential futility of seeking solutions to vast human tragedies through the habitually unreflective, and occasionally conflicted, intercession of celebrities (think George Clooney, think Romeo Dallaire). Lose Amiel, lose this subscriber.
Zoltan Roman, Victoria

VEGAN DELIGHTS

THANKS FOR THE STORY about Toronto's Stephanie McColl, named Sexiest Vegetarian Alive by PETA ("Fishermen need not apply," Newsmakers, May 22). I went vegan last year. I eat a wide variety of whole grains, fruits, vegetables, nuts, seeds and beans and really enjoy my meals, plus I don't have to worry about bacterial transfer. Becoming veg or vegan makes you feel great in mind, body and spirit. So whether your motivation is health, animal welfare or treading lighter on Mother Earth, try it.
Michael Hayward, Toronto

MCCOLL MAY BE PETA's newly crowned Sexiest Vegetarian Alive—but she's not the only veggie vixen to hail from Canada. Shania Twain is a previous winner in PETA's celebrity poll, and of course Pamela Anderson is known the world over as a vegan Venus. Why are so many Tofutti cuties swearing off meat? Fatty animal foods can make your belly bulge and your energy sag, killing both your sex drive and your sex appeal. Vegetarians tend to be slimmer than their carnivorous counterparts—without having to count calories—and they have better endurance.
Lindsay Pollard Post, staff writer, People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, Norfolk, Va.

GOTHS ARE NO KILLERS

WHILE IT IS terribly unfortunate that a family was murdered in Medicine Hat, Alta., it is equally unsettling that the community seems to be blaming it on Goth culture ("A lesson in bad taste," National, May 22). The school assignment that suggested to junior high students that Goths are manic-depressive self mutilators was certainly in poor taste, both because it was given to young children and because it painted an inaccurate picture. I am a Goth and I can assure you that our affinity for black clothing and white makeup does not make us more liable to harm ourselves or kill our parents.
Marla Crews, Toronto



CLOONEY AND CO. point up the futility of celebrity intercessions in places like Darfur

THE GOTH CULTURE issue is designed to distract us from considering the devastation done to a 12-year-old girl by someone almost twice her age. The "boyfriend" is a pedophile, preying on an impressionable girl. Sexual exploitation is not part of the Goth culture.
Jocelynn Bathgate, Victoria

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OPINION

Wolfe was wrong—you *can* go home again


PAUL WELLS

I never did get much out of Thomas Wolfe's writing, and it turns out the line everyone quotes was wrong. You can go home again. Sometimes when you do, you learn that just about everyone worked out fine.

Last week, I went home to Sarnia, at the southern tip of Lake Huron, for the 50th anniversary reunion of Northern Collegiate Institute and Vocational School. Not my *class's* 50th anniversary. They don't do reunions by class year at Northern, perhaps because things change so slowly in Sarnia that the whole school doesn't need to surrender to nostalgia more often than every 25 years. I played in the band at the 25th reunion in 1981. Now here we were together again already. For two days, it felt like none of us had ever left.

We were an intergenerational jumble of sometimes grey and paunchy revellers, but the Class of 1984 came out in big numbers. There was Cindy, who had the locker next to me in Grade 9. A lot of your anxiety about high school goes away fast if the girl at the next locker looks like Cindy. There was Richard, the quiet guy from Little League who did the killer impression of our math teacher. (That teacher had a firmer grasp of polynomials than of English idiom. "Take out your pencils and write to your notebook.") There was Peggy, whose house on Lakeshore had the best beachfront backyard in the whole Great Lakes. When Peggy had a beach party, you went.

There's a rich vein of reunion catastrophism in popular culture. In *Grosse Pointe Blank*, John Cusack hopes nobody in his home town will learn he grew up to be a hit man. In *Celebrity*, Kenneth Branagh hopes nobody will realize he grew up to star in a very bad Woody Allen movie. But in real life, at least the kids who bothered to come back to our reunion grew up happy and productive. True, a few were worried about Paul, who played trumpet in the band but who grew up to become a pariah in the hated parliamentary press gallery. But the rest of them are fine.

Hélène manages a little concert hall north of Toronto. Michele worked in a bank for 20 years—started as a teller and worked up to a fancy title—but now she teaches yoga full-time and she looks happier than ever. Bob, the cut-up from the trombone section of the band, was a trader on the floor of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange for a while. Now he lives in Toronto. Bob voted for David Miller for mayor because Miller promised to keep the Island Airport from expanding. Bob has a waterfront condo and a yacht and he didn't want airliners flying overhead all the time. I guess you'd put Bob near the blue end of Mayor Miller's rainbow coalition.

Richard, the guy from Little League, teaches math to prisoners in Kingston, Ont. What's that like? "It's a growth industry," Richard said, "and I don't have to deal with their parents." Chuck grew up to be a police sergeant in Kingston. He keeps Richard well stocked with students.

On Friday and Saturday night we sat around drinking beer and getting reacquainted. On Sunday there was a party on Peggy's beach. (She's the *Toronto Star*'s librarian now.) By time Saturday was for catching up with old teachers. Of the half-dozen I wanted to thank, three were at the school. Mike Holland ran the library. He kept that room tidy and quiet, taught us the basics of good research, gave us a haven where we could decide what we thought about things. I get angry now when I visit a school, somewhere in Canada, where the library isn't always open.

Of all my school's fine French teachers, Albert Lozier worked the hardest to show us that French in Canada is a culture, not just a language. He brought poets and singers to perform, taught us the plays of Gratien Gelinas. Meeting him again, I wanted to tell him how his lessons sent me to Montreal and Paris and into the pages of *La Presse*, but I was so nervous my French sounded like Scott Brison's.

At Northern, two of the best teachers taught music. Scott Milligan was the constant, hot-tempered, competitive, a fine church organist. He toured the senior band often, and to our ears no band we met sounded better. But then we never competed head on with the band from across town, at Central, which the school board closed in 1982. That municipal cataclysm sent refugees streaming north to our school, the stately Flemish band director, Willie Timmermans, and several of his students.



A good school puts a spark in you, and my school's just getting started. Go Vikings.



SCOTT MILLIGAN (top centre) with band alumni, Pam and Paul

One of them, Pam sat next to me in Milligan's band and across from me in Willie's brass quintet. Pretty soon she was my best friend. Today she's a school principal in Barrie, Old allegiances die hard. I was a Milligan partisan, and for me the highlight of the weekend came when I dusted off a borrowed cornet to play Holst and Vaughan Williams under my old teacher's baton. Pam was closer to Timmermans. He's not well these days, so we didn't see him on reunion weekend. I wanted to tell him that Pam grew up to continue his work as an educator, and that to this day when I hear Pachelbel's *Canon* I remember how proud he looked when we played it. A good school puts a spark inside you that never goes away. After half a century, our school's just getting started. Go Vikings. M



7 DAYS
THE WEEK OF 5/22

STORY OF THE WEEK — HELLO? ANYONE OUT THERE?

Busy whining that the Prime Minister was refusing to spoon-feed them news, members of the national press gallery underplayed the government's announcement that it was increasing by $40 million Canada's financial contribution to humanitarian and peace assistance in the Darfur region of western Sudan. "We are helping to put Darfur on the road to recovery," said Stephen Harper to the one or two reporters still speaking to him

Good news

We're flush

Futuristic geologists say that toward the end of the present millenium, the Old Faithful geyser in Wyoming will run out of steam and Niagara Falls will exist entirely on the northern side of the Canada-U.S. border. That's good news for the Canadian tourism industry, presuming that the appeal of the Falls as a honeymoon destination is indeed eternal. If present trends continue, the Canada-U.S. border will before long be more difficult to pass than Checkpoint Charlie (see story on page 22). We'll need all the tourism advantages we can get to convince Americans it's worth the trouble to holiday out our way.

Moving right along

The most genteel standoff in British Columbia history ended last week. For more than a month, some 100 activists had camped out on West Vancouver's scenic Eagleridge Bluffs to protest construction of a 2.4 km section of the $600 million worth of improvements to the Sea to Sky Highway to Whistler. Public opinion was divided between those who agree the bluffs are a sensitive ecosystem, and those convinced the protest was an attempt to preserve real estate values. After the B.C. courts rejected attempts by the group to force the B.C. government to find an alternate route, police moved in last Thursday to ever so gently arrest the 23 individuals who declined to leave their barricades.

Toking up the sun

It was a good week for lazy pleasures. Pot smokers learned that their favourite vice is not a killer. A large-scale study funded by the U.S. National Institutes of Health found that while heavy cigarette smokers are 20 times more likely than everyone else to develop lung cancer, chronic pot users have no higher incidence. Lead scientist Donald Tashkin, a UCLA pulmonologist, theorizes that THC, the active ingredient in pot, may actually ward off cancer by killing older cells before they can mutate. Meanwhile, the Canadian Cancer Society acknowledged that being out in a not-too-brilliant sun without protection for five or 10 minutes allows us to benefit from ultraviolet rays, which the body transforms into vitamin D. But remember, kids, everything in moderation.

Who needs HBO

It seems even premium cable networks descend occasionally to rerun hell: there's nothing new and exciting on HBO this week. For the first time since we began our watch several months ago, Canadians need not resent their regulators for denying them the world's best television channel. (We should still have the choice, however.)

FACE OF THE WEEK



WE'RE OKAY, WE'VE GOT DAMS. Premier Jean Charest touted his province's record on greenhouse gas emissions last week

Bad news

Boring, but hot

It's time to re-brief Governor General Michaëlle Jean on the largely ceremonial, non-partisan and issue-free functions of her office as the Queen's representative. Last week in Halifax, the former CBC/Radio Canada host lectured a roomful of journalists on the dangers of timely, attractive and profitable news presentation—it all leads to shallowness, "sensationalism," public corruption, etc. She encouraged a more contemplative approach to the editorial arts, a conceit beloved of public broadcasters. Her audience of private-sector journalists seemed chastened by her remarks. We thought her hair looked great.

Loss of Bliss

Michael Bliss, perhaps Canada's greatest living historian, retires this month from active teaching at the University of Toronto. He made an enormous contribution to the underdeveloped discipline of Canadian commercial history with such books as *A Living Profit* and *Northern Enterprise: Five Centuries of Canadian Business*. He almost single-handedly established the field of Canadian medical history with *The Discovery of Insulin* and *Banting: A Biography*. He has also been a leading commentator on Canadian political and constitutional affairs for several decades. While professor Bliss plans to continue writing, the teaching profession is poorer today.

Quack science

It is claimed in Britain that an expert panel of a geneticist, a philosopher and a chicken farmer has settled the age-old question: what came first, the chicken or the egg? They find for the egg, arguing that the first bird to evolve into a chicken in prehistoric times must first have existed as an embryo inside an egg. That embryo would have been the first appearance of the DNA combination that comprises every chicken. All of which sounds impressively scientific, but we're still convinced the rooster came first.

Justice, but...

Former CEO Kenneth Lay was convicted last week of 10 counts of fraud and conspiracy for his part in the Enron scandal, he's looking at a total sentence of up to 45 years in jail. His former colleague Jeffrey Skilling, guilty of 19 counts of fraud, conspiracy and insider trading, faces an overall prison sentence of 185 years. Twenty-three individuals have now admitted to or been found guilty of crimes at the Houston-based energy giant, which, in 2001, became one of the largest bankruptcies in U.S. history. Justice is done, but that's 23 ruined lives on top of 5,600 lost jobs, tens of billions in lost investor capital, and US$2.1 billion in lost pension obligations. M

RYAN REMIORZ/CP



7 DAYS



A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF TAYLOR HICKS

Unkindly likened by a TV critic to a young Captain Kangaroo, the 29-year-old grey-haired white southerner won *American Idol* with a classic-rock singing style that seemed to ignore any musical development of the past 20 years. The hoopla was ringed with sadness, as host Ryan Seacrest noted, more Americans voted in the *American Idol* finale than for any president in history, which just goes to show that they'd rather have Hicks for Idol than hicks for presidents.

THE WEEK AHEAD...EQUALIZATION AND HIV

Ralph Klein stages the last showdown of his career at the western premiers' conference in Gimli, Man., against Ontario and Quebec over his demands that resource revenues be left out of equalization payments. The United Nations special session on HIV and AIDS reaffirms world leaders' goal of universal access to drug treatment by 2010, despite a new, damning report by activists that thousands of patients are being hindered by denial, food shortages and squandered aid.



DISCOVERY

Wet basement

Water doesn't just circulate in currents in the world's seas, it's also sucked far below the ocean floor. Up to a 10th of the world's sea water has been "subducted," into the earth's mantle since the planet was formed. Volcanologists have found the atomic "fingerprint" of water in volcanic gases brought to the surface during eruptions, indicating that in the past, huge amounts of water were absorbed far below the oceans. About half the water found deep in the earth was subducted from oceans, the rest was trapped underground when the world first formed.

Miss Brontë regrets

Newly uncovered letters show that British novelist Charlotte Brontë wrote an apology to her former school and its headmaster after an unflattering portrait of such an institution appeared in *Jane Eyre*. Brontë had based her description of Lowood School on the real-life Clergy Daughters' School. Its headmaster, Rev. William Carus-Wilson, sought legal advice on a libel action, which was averted by Brontë's apology. The incident was recorded in three personal letters written by Carus-Wilson's grandson in 1912. The letters are to be auctioned off on June 21.

Tough times

Stone Age skulls dating from between 4000 and 3200 BCE indicate that a surprising number of ancient Britons got bashed on the head. Two researchers from British universities examined 350 Stone Age skulls in ancient mortuaries and found that two per cent of skull owners had died from head wounds, while another four to five per cent also received blows to the skull but probably recovered. That works out to a one-in-14 chance of getting clobbered on the head. Says Rick Schulting of Queens University Belfast: "We only studied the skulls. If other kinds of injury are taken into account, the death rate was probably even higher."



CHARLOTTE BRONTE: The hint of slander in *Jane Eyre*



RABBIT: A cultivated penis

Rabbit redux

Although the species doesn't exactly need help, a rabbit has been fitted out with an artificial penis to help it mate. Smooth-muscle and blood-vessel cells were taken from a rabbit penis and cultivated in a collagen "scaffold." The development gives hope, urologists say, in finding new ways of treating men who suffer from severe impotence.

Safe hydrogen

Anyone who has ever seen the picture of the Hindenburg burning knows that hydrogen is highly explosive. So how could it be used safely in automobiles that would run on hydrogen-powered fuel cells? The U.S. Department of Energy is experimenting with tiny, porous glass balls that could be pumped through a hose, just like gasoline. Palladium inside the balls would chemically fix hydrogen in an inert form until it is needed. Once inside a car, the glass balls would release the hydrogen.

WILD KINGDOM

Gay stork parents

Zookeepers in the Netherlands have found that when they gave "gay" and "lesbian" storks eggs to nurture, the same-sex couples were just as diligent as opposite-sex pairs. Staff at the zoo, located in Overloon, placed one stork egg with two bonded males and two eggs with two bonded females. All three eggs have yielded healthy, well-tended chicks.

Iguana invasion

The town of Boca Grande, Fla., is overrun with 12,000 aliens from Mexico: black spinytail iguanas. The non-native species has no natural predators and grows as long as 90 cm. The iguana population in the island town located northwest of Fort Myers has exploded from a handful brought by residents from Mexico in the 1970s to serve as pets. Bad choice: spinytail iguanas use their tails as whips, causing injury. The animals carry disease and undermine sand dunes that provide protection for the town against storm surges. County officials are planning an "iguana tax" to pay for the animals' eradication.

Fat piranhas

Piranhas are not just voracious eaters, but given a plentiful supply of food they're capable of eating themselves to death. After the National Sea Life Centre in Birmingham, England, opened an Amazon wildlife exhibit this year, officials found that the fish were gaining weight at an alarming clip, thanks to a generous diet of vitamin-soaked trout, prawns and mussels. To prevent the notorious feeders from injuring themselves, the marine exhibit has put the piranhas on half-rations until they lose weight.

MORTALITY

Womb pollution

Exposure to air pollution has been linked to lower mental development test scores in children. Now it turns out that the damage can be done while children are still in the womb. Surveys of non-smoking women exposed to combustion-related pollutants while pregnant found that their children had, on average, significantly lower scores on mental development tests, and more than double the risk of developmental delay at age three.

Disable the carrier

Science has long fought deadly malaria and dengue fever by trying to vaccinate against the parasites that cause them, or by killing the mosquitoes that transport the parasites. Now, American scientists are working on something more subtle, yet far-reaching: genetically disabling mosquitoes' ability to carry parasites. They have added genes to mosquitoes that prevent them from spreading the parasites. But with zillions of mosquitoes in the world, a bigger task lies ahead: getting transgenic non-carriers to breed with and then pass their new genetic makeup to carriers.



BIG MEAL: Has a big cost

LEFT TO RIGHT: BETTMANN/CORBIS; TIM SMITH/CP; TIM BOYLE/GETTY IMAGES; JOHN MAZEMORE/AP

KIDS TODAY

The sleeper effect

Tobacco's effect on children is even more insidious than previously believed. A survey of more than 2,000 children, sponsored by a British cancer research organization, found that kids who try just one cigarette are twice as likely to take up smoking than those who never try it—even if the habit doesn't begin for years. A so-called "sleeper effect" has been found in children, in which their desire for nicotine becomes ingrained in brain pathways, then comes alive even years later in response to triggers such as stress.

Tots and TV

One third of children in the United States aged between six months and six years have televisions in their bedrooms. A study by the Henry J. Kaiser Family Foundation, a health care philanthropy, found the main reason tots got their own sets was to free up other sets to allow parents and other members of the family to watch what they want. The American Academy of Pediatrics recommends that children under two should not watch any TV.

MONEY

The cost of big meals

Supersizing fast-food meals not only means lots more calories, but it's not the bargain it's supposed to be. University of Wisconsin-Madison scientists have calculated the cost of the extra fries and bigger drink in terms of added medical costs and the gasoline needed to haul a big rump around town. They surveyed meal prices at three fast-food chains and found that über-meals cost just 17 per cent more than regular ones, while delivering 73 per cent more calories. But when they figured in medical and gasoline costs, the price of big meals rose by as much as 191 per cent.

POLL WATCH

Czech slap flap

Eight out of 10 Czechs said last week it was wrong for a former official of the opposition Civic Democratic Party to wallop the nation's minister of health. In the middle of a dentists' convention in Prague, Miroslav Macek slapped David Rath from behind, causing minor injury. It was apparent retribution for Rath's recent allegations to an interviewer that Macek had married his wife for her money. The otherwise buffoonish exchange is significant because Czechs vote this week for their Chamber of Representatives, and Macek's party has topped the polls.

IN OTHER NEWS

Organ payback

Twenty years ago, Ahmet Adulovic saved Remzo Pivic from drowning in Bosnia. Pivic never found a meaningful way of thanking him, and Adulovic eventually emigrated to Canada. Now, two decades later, Adulovic is suffering from renal failure and Pivic has found a way. A tissue match was made, and Pivic donated a kidney to his saviour.



HURRICAHE VICTIMS: Emergency plans take pets into account

FEMA for Fido

A poll cited by the Humane Society of the United States found that 49 per cent of American adults would refuse to evacuate during an emergency if they could not take their pets. Hurricane Katrina resulted in 600,000 animals either dying or being abandoned without shelter. The U.S. Congress is apparently listening: last week the House of Representatives approved legislation obliging emergency preparedness plans to include pets.

Unhappy client

John Gomes, on trial for murder in a Boston courtroom last week, became so angry with his lawyer's performance that he attacked and tried to strangle him in front of an astonished judge. This conduct was not only prejudicial to the case, it took several policemen to disengage the 250-lb. Gomes from the throat of lawyer Bruce Carroll. "I think he didn't like the way some of the rulings the judge was making were going," Carroll said.

IN PASSING

Bernard Ostry, 78, senior civil servant. One of the most high-profile mandarins in Ottawa and the Ontario government, Ostry presided over numerous cultural positions in the Trudeau years.

Jack Fallon, 90, Canadian-born jazz bassist and fiddler long resident in Britain. He performed with Ella Fitzgerald, Duke Ellington, and provided the violin on the Beatles' White Album. M



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CAPITAL DIARY

JACK'S COUSIN'S SECRET, A DIVA'S DRESSES, OLIVIA'S RACK. OTTAWA OUTTAKES BY MITCHEL RAPHAEL



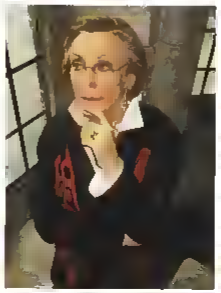


BELINDA'S SPARKLY SOCIAL LIFE

Uber cool Ottawa resto/lounge Social recently had a six year anniversary. MIA was **Belinda Stronach**, who's made this funky hot spot a weekly hangout over the past year. Her condo is across the street. At Social, she avoids alcohol, opting for San Benedetto sparkling water and tea (fruity green or mint). Staff confirm they have never seen **Peter MacKay** in the place (although one modelesque server said she hopes he will drop by). No sign either of **Bill Clinton**, whose name was linked yet again last week with Stronach's in the *New York Times*.

DOES MY DRESS LOOK UNNATURAL?

Carolyn Bennett, who has a voice like **Carol Channing**, is one of the few MPs drag queens could impersonate. Call her the House diva. When the Liberal leadership hopeful announced her candidacy, she put her two favourite fashion designers, **Dorothy Grant** and **Nancy Lord**, on red alert. Grant is a Haida designer in Vancouver, Lord a Montrealer now also based in Vancouver. "Carolyn is just full of life," says Lord. "She has no time to do her clothes, so someone has to do them for her." Lord told me she has been able to whip up a new outfit and ship it to the Toronto MP in less than a day. A politician who can get *anything* done in Ottawa in less than 24 hours is clearly prime ministerial material! Asked about the difference between how Liberal women MPs dress versus Conservative women MPs, Bennett replied, "I adore wool, cotton, silk—I don't like synthetic fabrics at all." Tories like unnatural fabrics? Over to you, Rona!



BENNETT wears Dorothy Grant, Layton's cousin's house

PLEASE DON'T TELL JACK WHERE THE NUTELLA IS

Ever since becoming leader of the NDP, **Jack Layton** has been crashing at the home of his cousin **Diane McIntyre** (Now Olivia stays there too.) The house, she says, has a long political history involving nearly all of the major federal parties. It was built by a local MPP in 1922, owned for a while by **Charlotte Whitton**, who became the first woman mayor of Ottawa in 1951, and later by **Ed Clark**, an MP in the Trudeau era, who was involved in writing that government's controversial National Energy Program. When Layton is in town, McIntyre makes her cousin his favourite breakfast: homemade fruit salad, yogourt and bran with psyllium husk. But is that all Layton likes? McIntyre's daughter Leia recently moved back home and says she's had to learn to keep some food items out of sight. "We have to hide my Nutella and peanut butter in there [gestures to upper cupboards] or else Jack will eat it all. If you put this Nutella thing in your column he's going to read it and find it."

COLDPLAY AND HOT CHICKEN FINGERS

The current Parliament's youngest sitting MP, Conservative **Pierre Poilievre**, 26 (inset), was recently attacked by Liberal MP **Marcel Proulx** (Hull-Aylmer) for accepting a concert ticket in March to see British rock sensation Coldplay at Scotiabank Place here in O-town. Proulx, who confessed he is of the "Beatles, ABBA generation," says the basis of the attack was "inside information." Was it a case of "Money, money, money?" Poilievre, who admits to enjoying a Scotch every night, was a guest in the Scotiabank box. The bank confirmed Poilievre paid for his tickets, drinks and even the chicken fingers they served (classy!—Poilievre, not the chicken fingers). The MP says he spent a total of $300 that night. The bank also confirmed the member for Nepean-Carleton is a hard-core Coldplay fan. "He knew most of the words."





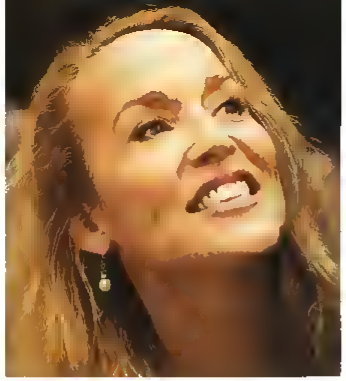
OLIVIA CHOW'S RACK

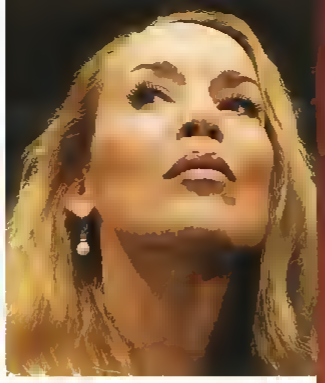
A new fixture on the Hill is a bike with a milk crate decorated with plastic flowers. It's locked to a walkway sign because there are no bike racks on Parliament Hill. MP **Olivia Chow**, who rides a similarly styled bike in Toronto, bought an Ottawa two-wheeler and can't find a proper place to lock it up. Her Trinity Spadina riding back home practically has three bike racks on every corner. Another enviro challenge for Rona.

Mitchel Raphael can be contacted at mitchelraphael@attglobal.net









'Older men have problems but there's a cure. Young men make you listen to Coldplay. There's no cure for that.'

JERRY HALL TALKS TO LINDA FRUM ABOUT ERECTILE DYSFUNCTION, FORMER HUSBAND MICK JAGGER AND THE STATE OF KEITH RICHARDS' HEALTH

Jerry Hall, the striking, Texas-born model and actress, is famous for many things, among them her provocative wit: "My mother said it was simple to keep a man—you must be a maid in the living room, a cook in the kitchen and a whore in the bedroom. I said I'd hire the other two and take care of the bedroom bit." For 22 years, Hall lived with Mick Jagger, a man of legendary appetites. She met him when she was a 20-year-old model, engaged at the time to singer Bryan Ferry. In 1999, when it became public that Jagger had impregnated Brazilian model Luciana Morad, Hall finally opted for divorce. Since then, the 49-year-old has developed an image as a mature seductress. She starred as Mrs. Robinson in a West End production of *The Graduate*, famously performing a scene in the nude, conducted a search on VH1 for a personal "boy toy," and now is the new international spokeswoman for the erectile dysfunction drug Levitra.

Q *You have said you want to "encourage couples to talk more about sex." Just so you know, when I told my husband I would be "talking sex with Jerry Hall," it really perked him up. Something tells me Levitra has chosen well.*

A: Well, you know, when I was asked by Bayer Healthcare to do these talks about erectile dysfunction, I thought they were joking. And then they told me how many people were suffering from it—they say it's one out of every two people past the age of 40, at some time or other—and it also affects their partners, so it affects millions of people worldwide. I was reading all these surveys about how often it causes problems in relationships because sometimes a couple might break up if the woman thinks the man doesn't find her attractive. Or she might think he is having an affair. And a man sometimes might rather have a fight than admit he has this problem. It's really a medical problem to do with blood flowing in the vessels. It's just something that happens with age. And they have a very effective treatment for it which enables people to continue having sexual intercourse. I think it's only natural when you're in a loving relationship for people to want to have sex for as long as possible.

Q. *You once said: "The real fountain of youth is to have a dirty mind."*

A: That's funny. [Laughs] I forget these things.

Q. *So do you still agree with that remark?*

A: I think humour is very important. But I think it's good to be able to have open communication. Women are usually the gatekeepers of health issues within the couple. It's always the woman who makes the man go to the doctor when he's got something wrong. Men tend to put these things off. So this campaign is aimed at women, to try to get them to learn about sex, and then have a very matter-of-fact conversation—you know, being sensitive, because men's sexuality is so tied up with their sense of masculinity.

Q. *You've been divorced from Mick Jagger for about seven years now, and in that time you've had relationships with men older and also younger than you. Have you developed a preference?*

A: Yeah, I prefer older men because they are more experienced. Sometimes they do have problems—but there's a cure for that. Young men make you listen to Coldplay. There's no cure for that.

Q. *Are you currently involved with anybody?*

A: I'm dating.

Q: *I can imagine, if you are dating an older man at the moment, that he might be a little self conscious about your current gig.*

A: It's funny because people talk to me at dinner parties and cocktail parties and they ask me what I'm doing—and I tell them what I'm up to—and people, especially men, are so curious to hear more about it.

Q: *They're happy to talk about it? ED is coming out of the closet?*

A: Yes.

Q. *Do you think a marriage or relationship without sex is worth having?*

A: I think that people have to talk between each other and agree. If one or the other would like to continue to have sexual intimacy, I think they should seek treatment.

Q: *But is sex essential for a happy relationship?*

A. No. *Chacun à son goût.* I mean, I personally adore sex. I know men and women in their 80s who still have sex. But not everyone

RALPH ORLOWSKI/GETTY IMAGES

DIFFICULTY BREATHING?

You could have Chronic Obstructive Pulmonary Disease, a serious lung disease.
Over 700,000 Canadians have been diagnosed with COPD. However studies have estimated that more than 50% of patients with COPD remain undiagnosed

How do you know if you have Chronic Obstructive Pulmonary Disease (COPD)? This includes chronic bronchitis, emphysema or both. If you are concerned about your lung health, take the following quick test.

YES	NO	
O	O	Are you a smoker or former smoker 40 years of age or older?
O	O	Do you have cough with mucous that doesn't go away?
O	O	Do you get a lot of chest infections?
O	O	Do you get short of breath when doing a simple activity like climbing stairs?

If you answered Yes to being a smoker or ex-smoker AND one of any other question, you may be at risk for COPD. Ask your doctor about a simple breathing test.

COPD | HELP
A breath of hope

There is hope. Talk to your doctor.
For more information, call 1-888-820-2673 (COPD) or visit copdhelp.ca



might want to. It needs to be discussed and agreed upon.

Q: *Had you stayed with Mick Jagger, your relationship would be about 30 years old by now. Do you believe that a sexual relationship of 30 years' duration can stay interesting?*

A: Yes. Sex does get better with time. But he had the opposite problem. He didn't need anything.

Q: *Yes, I suppose if anything your ex-husband could have made use of a pill to diminish his appetites. Recently, his ex-girlfriend, the Brazilian model Luciana Morad, was in town. According to our local newspaper, someone asked her if Mick was good in bed, and her reply was "He makes beautiful babies." Do you have anything you would like to add to that?*

A: No. No comment.

Q: *I read that you have an IQ of 146.*

A: My mother likes to tell people that. [Laughs] I did do some test in school. It was a long time ago and it's not true anymore!

Q. *How important is it for you to have an intellectual connection with a man in order to have a sexual connection?*

A. I think it's very important, and I've been very lucky and have always gone out with very interesting and clever men.

Q: *But you did do a game show last year for Britain's VH1 in which 12 young men competed to be your "boy toy" and to share in your lifestyle as a "kept man."*

A: That was an entertainment show. I have dated younger men. And they are fun for a minute . . .

Q: *But not satisfying over the long haul?*

A: I don't mean to sound like an agerist because I have gone out with younger men who are interesting too, but ideally, it's best to go out with men who are age-appropriate.

Q. *You recently told* Hello! *magazine that you prefer acting to sex because "you can do it eight times a week and still you don't get pregnant." So despite everything, you do indeed believe there are things better than sex?*

A: Yeah. Theatre is addictive because of the adrenalin. I got on a roll where I did 600 stage performances in under three years. I did quite a lot of it and was very enthusiastic about it.

Q: *So what else is in the league of "better than sex"?*

A: Well I think love is the absolute best. Sex with love is essential. But at the moment I've taken time off from the theatre because I've been working too much. It's important to spend time with your children too.

Q: *Speaking of children, what do your children think of your role as an erectile dysfunction spokeswoman? I know that my own children, like most everyone else's, are disgusted by the slightest hint of parental sexuality.*

A: My older children, who are 22 and 20, think it's quite amusing. They are very sophisticated. And my younger children. I haven't really discussed it with the eight-year-old. He's quite small. But the 14 year old, yeah, at 14 they are like: "What are you doing?!" They just want you to stay home and knit.

Q. *I guess your children are accustomed to the idea that their parents are world famously sexual people?*

A: They are used to their parents being in show biz, and in the news—they are quite used to that.

Q: *Here's something I've never been able to understand if you don't mind me asking: why Mick Jagger over Bryan Ferry? Bryan Ferry always struck me as the more romantic one.*

A: I know. And so handsome too! The thing is, Mick was just like a bolt of lightning. These things just happen. I don't know, I suppose it's some sort of genetic thing. Who knows why you are attracted to someone? But we had four children together—so there was definitely something going on.

Q: *Who is the sexiest man you've ever met?*

A: Well, I certainly don't want to share that with anyone.

Q: *Do you think there is ever a situation in which a wife should tolerate infidelity?*

A: No, I don't think so. I think it's just too difficult and leads to unhappiness. I'm certainly the most forgiving woman in the world. But I wouldn't advise other people to do it. I don't know—people all make mistakes and it's all right to be forgiving. But someone who is chronically unfaithful: it's a kind of addiction and I think it's very unhealthy. And I certainly would never want to have to go through that again.

Q. *I can imagine you've given your daughters stern lectures on this topic?*

A: Oh, I think they're very sensible. I'm sure they wouldn't tolerate it for a second.

Q: *You have been involved with many glamorous men, your ex-husband not the least of them, but do you ever regret missing out on a conventional marriage and family?*

A: I think regret is a waste of time. And I must say, I adore Mick. We are very, very good friends. We have four beautiful children who couldn't be better. And we had a most exciting time. Met so many people. Went everywhere. Did all kinds of things. I don't regret any of it. I think it's only human nature to want to have a deep connection with another person and to have a sexual, loving relationship. And I hope it will happen to me again. [Laughs]

Q: *This is not the first time you've taken on a spokeswoman's role. Recently, you also helped to sponsor the launch of a helpline in London for the National Association for People Abused in Childhood. It's an issue that is close to you, isn't it?*

A: My father was a decorated war hero with General Patton. And when he came back from the army he was very, very different. He had rages and was violent. He was physically abusive, but not sexually abusive. And so, yes, I know what it is to be a child living in fear in your home. And I am full of compassion.

Q. *Any updates on how Keith Richards is doing?*

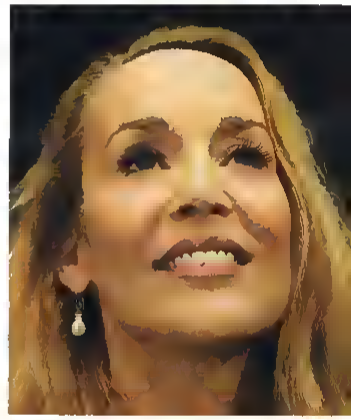
A. I hear he's doing great. Yeah!

Q: *He's going to make a full recovery?*

A: Yes, he's really something else.

Q: *He's rather resilient?*

A: He's got some seriously good genes. In his family they all live to be ninetysomething.



'At 14, kids are like: "What are you doing?!" They just want you to stay home and knit.'

Q. *Does there continue to be a sense of connection between all of you?*

A: Everyone is very, very friendly. I'm great friends with all of the band, their wives, their kids. My kids are friends with their kids.

Q: *So it just goes to prove that you can divorce a husband but you never divorce your past . . .*

A: Yes, because you make friends all along the way. But Mick and I actually are pretty friendly. We get on very well.

Q. *I guess it's all about knowing what you can expect from a person?*

A: Yeah. He's a very good father. And he's an excellent ex-husband. M

CONQUER THEN CONTROL

Surging in the polls, Stephen Harper is still spoiling for a fight—provided he makes the rules. The sometimes prickly PM can't seem to relax. BY JOHN GEDDES



Power is not mellowing Stephen Harper. Rarely has a new prime minister enjoyed such a string of early success, garnering positive reviews for everything from a high-profile visit to troops in Afghanistan, to the softwood lumber deal with the U.S., to a tax cutting budget. Across the aisle in the House, the leaderless Liberals put up mostly token resistance. Even when he loses, Harper seems to win, as he did when a chorus of pundits attacked the opposition parties for the way they rejected oil-patch icon Gwyn Morgan, Harper's choice to head a new federal appointments board. No wonder the Conservatives are soaring in the polls. Yet as Harper's command of the national political scene appears to grow more secure, he looks increasingly combative—lashing out at the media, firing back at premiers who hint at trying to force his hand, and generally sounding like a politician congenitally unwilling to let his guard down.

It doesn't quite add up, if you believe the usual account of Harper's methodical plan for vaulting from minority to majority. Conventional wisdom holds that his scheme is fairly simple: accomplish all or most of the now familiar five priorities set out in the last election, then cruise into the next one, likely in the spring of 2007, running as a reliable promise keeper. There's no doubt that checking off the items on the list—cut the GST a point, pay parents $1,200 a year per child under six, pass anti-crime and federal ethics laws, and somehow provide a health care wait times guarantee—remains key. If that was all there was to it, Harper could surely afford to relax a bit. But in interviews, senior Tories suggest his strategy is far more complex, forward-looking, and politically demanding—enough to keep him on edge.

His government is poised between fulfilling that short list of promises from the last election and devising new messages to carry it into the next. It's an uneasy moment of transition. Legislation to fulfill four of the five pledges must still be passed over the final three or four weeks that Parliament is expected to sit before its summer break. Any not enacted will remain nagging worries—unfinished business when the unpredictable minority House reconvenes next fall. And if the first four look manageable, the fifth and most ambitious promise—a deal with the provinces to guarantee health wait times—remains a potential minefield. Provinces will almost certainly want more money, but Health Minister Tony Clement starts from the premise that then-prime minister Paul Martin put enough new federal money on the table in his $41 billion 2004 health deal with the premiers.

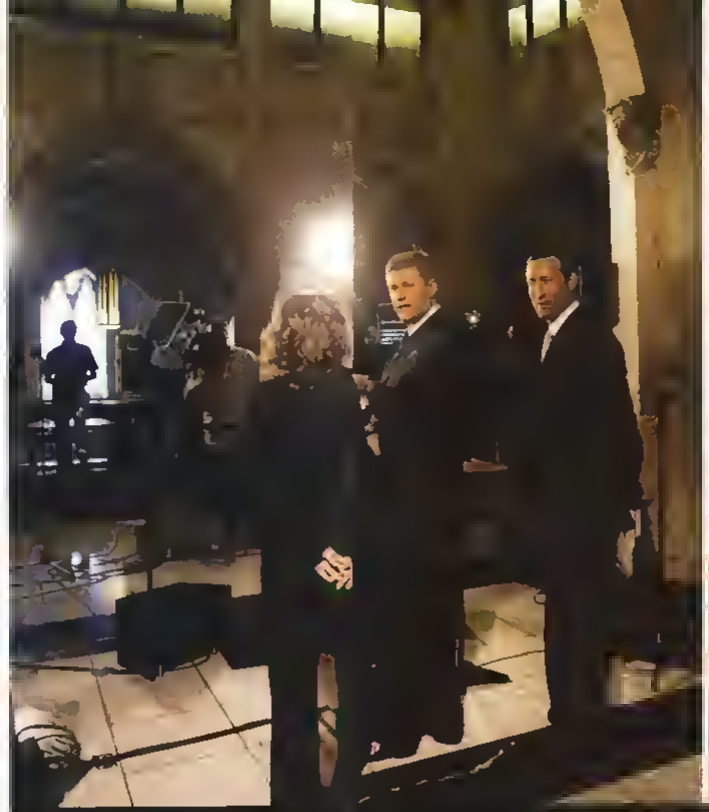
Some Conservative strategists warn against letting attention drift away from the core commitments prematurely. Others, though, are casting ahead. Insiders aren't sure if that means another short list of precise aims will be drafted, or if Harper might try redefining his government around broader aims. One possibility, being explored by Industry Minister Maxime Bernier, is an economic policy push around big themes like productivity and innovation. Another is updating Canadian democracy, after Harper announced that this week he will table a law that would set fixed election dates every four years, along with Senate reform measures.

Whatever the tack, deciding how much to reveal as a government, and how much to hold in reserve for the next election, will be tricky. Harper kept most of his platform under wraps in the months before the last election to use as fresh ammo during the campaign. But he was in opposition then—now he needs to govern. "They don't want to give the opposition much to steal," says Ipsos Reid pollster Darrell Bricker. "The worst thing is when the opposition gets to just say, 'Us, too.'"

While sorting out his government's next phase, Harper must make sure his adversaries don't grab the chance to set the agenda. That means keeping the opposition parties off balance, especially on issues like Afghanistan and Kyoto, where polls suggest public opinion could swing against the Tories. On Afghanistan, Harper forced a vote in the House on May 17 to extend Canada's Afghan mission to February 2009, exposing a deep rift in the Liberal caucus. The motion passed by a narrow 149 to 145 margin, with 24 Liberals siding with the Conservatives. The split makes it hard for those Liberals who argue the mission has evolved into too much Taliban hunting and too little peacekeeping to keep up pressure on Harper.

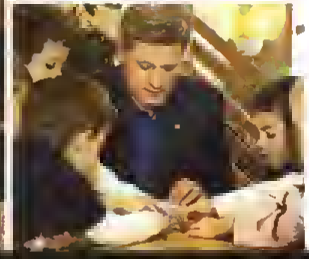
On global warming, Harper has incrementally backed away from the Kyoto agreement, denying his opponents a day of decisive news—*Tories ditch climate change deal*—that might have galvanized environmental groups and piqued public concern about Canada's international image. Rather than risking that head-on clash, he's promising a still vague "made-in-Canada" replacement for the Liberal Kyoto plan.

When his Tories lack a crisply defined message, they strive to stay under the radar. On immigration, rather than proposing potentially controversial new goals for the number or type of new Canadians, Immigration Minister Monte Solberg's innocuous first move was to streamline rules for overseas adoptions. On Aboriginal affairs, since walking away from the $5-billion-plus First Nations accord Paul Martin struck last fall in Kelowna, B.C., Indian Affairs Minister Jim Prentice has avoided sweeping pronouncements. Instead, he's targeted money for Aboriginal housing and reserve water systems. Prentice says the Liberal way left too many details to be hammered out after the big splash. "That's not how we do business," he told *Maclean's*. "We need to understand what we're investing in. We need to then measure progress."



CHRIS WATTIE/REUTERS (LEFT); CHRIS WATTIE/REUTERS (ABOVE)

IF HE'S SOMEWHAT DISMISSIVE OF THE PREMIERS, HE'S DOWNRIGHT DISDAINFUL OF THE MEDIA



PAUL CHIASSON/CP (TOP RIGHT); TOM HANSON/CP (BOTTOM RIGHT)

HE HAS LABELLED the parliamentary press gallery 'anti-Conservative'



VISITING with children and troops is helping to humanize the Prime Minister

Invest only when you know exactly what you expect to get for it—that's Harper's way of doing business. It's an approach that doesn't leave much room for spending on anyone else's priorities. Last week, Harper pushed back against premiers who have been promoting their view of the so-called fiscal imbalance. Harper accepts in theory the notion that Ottawa is too rich compared to harder-pressed provinces. Part of the solution might involve revamping the equalization system, to funnel more money from rich provinces to poorer ones, a prospect that worries wealthier Ontario and Alberta. But Harper claimed unfettered authority on the issue. "Equalization is not an Alberta program or an Ontario program," he said. "Equalization is a strictly federal program." In any case, he added, it's "increasingly obvious" the premiers will remain divided on the issue, leaving any decision up to him—just the way he likes it.

If Harper seems somewhat dismissive of the premiers, he's downright disdainful of the national news media. Many in the Ottawa press corps are objecting to his demand that reporters put their names on a list controlled by his aides before asking him questions. Labelling the leadership of the Parliament Hill press gallery "anti-Conservative," he griped that a Liberal prime minister would never face the same sort of flak. Yet Harper has enjoyed broadly positive coverage, in sharp contrast to the media siege Paul Martin weathered for much of his short run as PM. Harper's us-against-them posturing could be read less as a rebuke to journalists than as a reminder to Tories that he won't tolerate any relaxing of his government's extraordinary discipline when it comes to media messaging.

So far, it's working. The latest Ipsos Reid polls puts Tory support at 43 per cent, far above the Liberals' 25 per cent. Opposition politicians can only hope Harper's tough guy image begins to wear thin. "There is a deep-seated petulance in the demeanour of the government," said Liberal House Leader Ralph Goodale. "Sooner or later, the public is going to say, 'Wait a minute here.'"

His fans, of course, don't see Harper's style as a point of vulnerability. "For the Prime Minister right now, it's not image stuff that counts, it's the ability to deliver," says Toronto political consultant Leslie Noble, who was campaign manager in Mike Harris's winning election runs in Ontario in 1995 and 1999. Bricker agrees that Harper is "wearing well with Canadians" mostly because he's delivering what he said he would. To maintain momentum based on making good on promises, though, he'll need a fresh batch of top priorities, probably by next fall. The outline of that new agenda has barely begun to come into focus. But the edges on the image of the Prime Minister who's determined to shape it are sharper than ever. M

AFGHANS GO AWOL

We brought them here to learn English. Some decided not to go back.



GRADUATION DAY Afghan Maj Wigdani (middle) hears his name called

BY MARTIN PATRIQUIN • In a language he learned only in the last few months, Afghan Maj Karimullah Karim explains his first and lasting impression of Canada "People here live like they are in their own country," he says, gesturing to the other Afghani officers sitting around him in St-Jean-sur-le-Richelieu, Que. "All of us were impressed by this special situation in Canada."

Maj Karim and 10 other officers are the fifth class of Afghan military personnel to have come to Canada under the Canadian Military Training Assistance Programme (MTAP) to learn English and get a crash course in Canadian values Some past Afghan officers became so enamoured of Canadian values they decided to stay Since 2004, when members of the Afghan military began arriving in Canada, at least two high ranking Afghan military officers have defected, and at least one has applied for refugee status They are still in Canada, though their status remains unknown

A DND spokesperson wouldn't say, when *Maclean's* initially inquired, if any Afghan officers had gone AWOL "Our responsibility ends when the course ends," said DND's Emma Trussell However, the department later released a statement confirming the defections "The department's view is that the two issues [the language training program and the defections] aren't linked," Trussell said "The reputation of the program rests rather on the quality of instruction and its broader benefits to both Canada and the member countries Such occurrences are rare in the program, which provides training for 1,300 people from 66 different countries"

As part of a NATO agreement, the Department of National Defence has hosted roughly 440 language students a year since 1995 Along with peacekeeping and professional development, the teaching of English and French "has become our niche market," says Monte Montelpare of MTAP The program's yearly budget is $7 million The department has sponsored English-language training for 54 Afghan military officers, for a total cost of $480,000 According to Montelpare, the Afghans have more trouble than most learning English "They aren't accustomized to the language at all They don't even have the same alphabet"

The current group, who arrived three weeks late due to visa problems, graduated from the program last week The English they learn will serve them well Col Niamat Mirzayee, a hulking figure barely contained by his uniform, explains in his shy English that the language lessons will help him converse with Canadian military personnel in Afghanistan when he gets back "I am feeling comfort when I speak now," the 46-year-old says

'THEY FEEL VERY BAD ABOUT THEMSELVES BECAUSE OF WHAT IS GOING ON IN THEIR COUNTRY'

Asked how the group felt about Canada's presence in Afghanistan, Maj Karim is unequivocal "In my opinion, the Canada mission is very important for us," he says as his fellow officers nod in agreement "We will never forget the support of their money and, at the same time, their blood Our next generation will remember the sacrifice"

The English courses are taught over a 19-week period by civilian teachers employed by DND There are six hours of language training a day Students are split up and put into classes with officers from differing countries "so that we don't ghettoize the students," says Canadian Sgt Brock Field Classrooms are festooned with pictures of beavers, Canadian flags and hockey players

The groups go on field trips to places like Ottawa, Quebec City and Montreal, and have access to the base's computer and athletic facilities (Ping-Pong, swimming and weight lifting were favourite activities among the Afghans.) As visiting military officers, they are allowed to leave the base as they please, which is how some of them got a taste for the fabled Montreal nightlife Maj Karim fastidiously avoids saying a bad word about his downtown experience ("Things are very different here," is all he would say) His colleague Maj Fazlullah Wigdani was evidently thrilled with his outing, however Notoriously shy about speaking English, Maj Wigdani nonetheless perfectly describes what he saw with a grin and generous flash of his eyeballs

Last week, as the students walked off the stage proudly clutching their English certificates, teacher Paula Charbonneau-Gowdy said the occasion was bittersweet for her she knows what the Afghans can expect when they get home Of the ones who have stayed in Canada after graduating, she said, "It's a big risk, but it's worth it for them because things are so bad in their country They are very nervous when they get here," she explains "They feel very bad about themselves because of what is going on in their country"

The Afghan officers are nonetheless generally polite to a fault, she said They only once expressed shock, she said, and that was when she had them over to her house one evening They were astounded to see that it was her husband, not her, who did the dishes after dinner "They wanted to call me sir, because there is no word for 'miss,'" she said "On one hand they looked up to me because I'm a teacher, but on the other hand I'm a woman So there's that dichotomy" M

PHOTOGRAPH BY LIAM MALONEY

Remedial math and the Canadian Forces

We have 64,057 people in the military. That somehow equals 5,000.

BY MICHAEL FRISCOLANTI • Forty eight members of the Canadian military are stationed in and around war ravaged Sudan, helping to keep a fragile peace Forty-eight To some, it is an insulting figure, a paltry contribution considering the carnage tens of thousands dead, millions more homeless and starving. In recent weeks, pundits and political foes have urged the Conservative government to commit more troops to Darfur, to, if nothing else, reaffirm Canada's reputation as a peacekeeping nation But with so many soldiers already destined for Afghanistan and beyond, Defence Minister Gordon O'Connor says he simply cannot spare the manpower

Those who doubt the minister's math say his excuse is lame at best, and a lie at worst Canada, after all, has 2,300 troops in Kandahar—a mere fraction of the entire Canadian Forces With a pool of 64,000 bodies—plus an additional 22,000 reservists—shouldn't we be able to scrounge together a suitable force for Darfur? It is a fair question, but a naive one all the same. Stereotypes aside, the 64,057 soldiers and sailors and airmen who populate the Canadian military are not sitting around bases, waiting for orders to ship out. In fact, barely a third—20,000 at the most—are considered deployable at any given time The rest are busy with other duties, from training new recruits to serving jail time

Consider the breakdown of all the men and women who make their living in uniform, 1,344 are assigned to full time jobs in the reserves That leaves, as of May 2006, a regular fighting force of 62,713, the majority of whom are army (20 803), navy (9,955), air force (13,645), and miscellaneous staff, such as doctors, chaplains and tradesmen (10,412) However, 8,646 of those members are either in training, awaiting release, or restricted from duty because of a medical problem Subtract them from the equation, and you are left with a "trained effective strength" of 54,067—10,000 fewer than the actual on paper enrolment of the Canadian Forces

And that number keeps shrinking Of those 54,067, some are enrolled in advanced training courses (945), and others are at home on maternity or parental leave (784) As of today, another eight are in detention for various violations of military law That leaves an "available" trained force of 52,330, although even that is a tad misleading More than half that amount—27,000—fill training positions or administrative jobs across dozens of bases and headquarters, while another 6,000 are slotted into Canada's domestic and international commitments, such as search and rescue, NATO and NORAD Suddenly, that so-called "available" force has dipped to 20,000

Even then, available does not actually mean available "If you're going to deploy somebody for six months, you wouldn't want to do it any more than once every two years, because they will burn out," says Lieut Paul Pendergast, a forces spokesman. To counter exhaustion, the military employs a four stage cycle training, deployment, post deployment, time with family/career advancement Right now, a batch of no more than 5,000 troops is technically available to board a plane The other 15,000 are at other points in the rotation "That puts it into perspective," Pendergast says

But it also begs another obvious question if 5,000 troops are ready to go, and the next tour through Kandahar requires only 2,300, does that not leave upwards of 2,700 others free and clear for a possible mission to Darfur? In theory, it does But among those hypothetical leftovers is a severe shortage of specialized tradespeople, from signallers to doctors to engineers Sending 500 infantrymen to Sudan is one thing Finding the trained logistics troops to support them is another "The armed forces' big problem is not equipment," says Douglas Bland, chair of the defence management studies program at Queen's University "It's people"

The reserves have people—22,032, to be exact—but calling them up to active duty is not as simple as barking an order If the brass needs part-timers to fill a few holes in a battle group, they have to ask Reservists can never be forced to deploy, they must volunteer. "They are able to say, 'No, I don't want to go,' " says Karen Johnstone, a Defence spokeswoman "And they can keep saying, 'No, I don't want to go.' " Of course, some do say yes Among the 2,704 Canadian personnel now deployed around the world, 352—13 per cent—are reservists

Numbers don't lie, but they don't tell the whole story, either The defence minister is adamant that as long as Canadian troops are needed in Kandahar, Darfur will have to wait He is right And wrong Assembling another cohesive fighting force would certainly not be easy But difficult does not mean impossible And as all generals know, political will has a strange way of boosting troop strength—regardless of the figures "The fact is," Bland says, "you don't know until somebody tells you what somebody wants you to do" M



O'CONNOR says he simply can't spare the manpower for any mission to Darfur

DARREN CALABRESE/CP

FOR THE RECORD

WHO GETS TO BE GRUMPY?

"A visit [by] the Canadian ambassador would be like watching Snow White arrive with the seven dwarfs. We'd just be an absolute laughingstock. Canada would have to be banned as an international nuisance." University of Toronto professor Robert Bothwell, an expert on Canada-U.S. relations, on Alberta having an office in Canada's Washington embassy, a precedent, he says, that might lead to demands for offices by other provinces

IT WAS FUN WHILE IT LASTED

How the world's longest undefended border is gradually closing, and the desperate scramble to save an international lifeline

BY LUIZA CH. SAVAGE

For over 20 years, Darrell Bryan has ferried passengers along the scenic coast from Seattle to San Juan Island, and to Victoria. He carries some 300,000 annually, and his American route is booming, with double digit increases in each of the past three years. But last year, trips to Canada were down 10 per cent. Bryan doesn't blame the weakening U.S. dollar. The phone calls streaming into his company's office suggest the problem is confusion over a new U.S. law: do American travellers to Canada already need a passport to get back home? And if not now, when will they? Fewer than 24 per cent of Americans possess a passport (40 per cent of Canadians do), and surveys of Bryan's customers show that almost one-fifth would forego travelling to Canada rather than apply for a passport.

Bryan has taken out ads clarifying that passports are not currently required. He has dropped his price roughly in half. But he expects Canada-bound traffic to fall another 10 per cent this year. "The fact that we are still not getting our historic ridership points to the confusion over passports," says Bryan, a partner in Seattle-based Victoria Clipper, which runs four boats up the coast, employs 260 people, and whose full-service travel business bills itself as the largest wholesale booker of hotel rooms in Victoria. "Our future largely depends on how well this is handled," he says. "And we are very concerned."

The next two years will mark the end of the 49th parallel as we know it—a gateway for some US$2 billion in travel and trade every day—unless some 11th hour acrobatics by Canadian diplomats, border state politicians and business groups can change things. Beginning next year, anyone entering the U.S. by air or sea will need a valid passport. At the land border, as of Jan. 1, 2008, entrants to the U.S. must also have a passport or some other yet-to-be determined secure identity document. That means every adult Canadian may have to shell out $87 for a passport, and every American adult US$97 if they want to take a boat around Lake of the Woods or cross to the other side of Niagara Falls. And they'll need to apply weeks in advance. Kids will probably need documents too, albeit at a somewhat lower price.

Lawmakers and lobbyists on both sides of the border are scrambling to avoid what Vermont Senator Patrick Leahy is calling a "train wreck" scenario at the border. They're pushing for delays, or alternatives, but there are massive complications involved in both. For example, the greatest hope for a passport alternative is the passport card, or PASS card, promised by the U.S. Department of Homeland Security. It would fit in a wallet, cost around US$50, and would have a yet-to-be-determined, toll-booth type technology to make border crossings faster. "Once we all become accustomed to using a passport or a PASS card or something equivalent, it will aid travel and not impede it," says David Wilkins, the U.S. ambassador to Canada. But many doubt such a card can be created in time to meet the deadlines. It would still require that travellers plan and pay, and it would require infrastructure changes, from special lanes to special readers.

Canada's ambassador to the U.S., Michael Wilson, described the extent of the challenge at his appearance before the House subcommittee on the western hemisphere last week. "This requirement is just over a year and a half away from coming into force," he noted. That leaves little time, he went on, "to finalize and publish the implementing rule, consider the potential and significant economic impacts it may have on our economies, identify and develop the appropriate technology, install readers and related infrastructure at border crossings, actually produce the millions upon millions of required documents, and convince people to buy the new documents."

Even if the documentation is ready in time, business leaders worry the border will be a mess come Jan. 1, 2008. "The worst case scenario is, at the busiest crossings, huge delays and backups because of some combination of technology that doesn't work, not enough staff, not enough lanes—and everyone is being stopped," says Scotty Greenwood, executive director of the Washington-based Canadian American Business Council. Given the integrated North American supply chain, every hour of delay at the border can cost millions of dollars in lost production. In a worst case scenario, "grocery stores won't get their products, Wal-Marts won't get their Pampers," Greenwood adds. She remains optimistic that it won't come to that, meanwhile, her group is hoping U.S. lawmakers can be convinced to slow down the entire process, and start with a pilot program at one crossing, given how much is at stake.

What is certain, at this point, is that the process can't be stopped. "It's important we all realize we are in a post-9/11 era—we can't turn back the clock," says Wilkins. "And as the President said, you can't have trade and tourism and prosperity if you don't have security—but they are not mutually exclusive."





IT'S THE GATEWAY TO $2 LLION IN TRAVEL AND TRADE—EVERY DAY



Just how much is at stake? A study by the Conference Board of Canada estimates the proposed law will deter some 3.5 million trips into Canada, and enough tourism to cost the Canadian economy some $1.6 billion, and the American economy another $750 million. Then there's the matter of a way of life coming to an end. In Vermont, the border cuts through streets, private homes and even an opera house. In Minnesota, schoolchildren from an area called the Northwest Angle bus each day for 105 km across Manitoba roads to get to school in another part of the state. There, a fishing trip may mean crossing into Canada. "You don't go fishing or boating with a passport in your pocket," says Minnesota Senator Norm Coleman, a Republican, who has been pushing to amend the law. In western New York, the embattled Buffalo Bills football team relies on 15,000 Canadian fans who come down to watch games. Without them, "no more sold out games, no more Buffalo Bills," says New York Senator Chuck Schumer, a Democrat.

"Crossing the Canadian border in upstate New York isn't like crossing the Atlantic Ocean," Schumer explained at a Senate subcommittee studying the planned changes. "It's more like crossing the Hudson River—it's done day to day, it's done several times a day, it's done at a moment's whim. And to set up an elaborate procedure that would impede that kind of crossing would be a deathblow to our economy." Crossings are already down. In 2004, 27.3 million Americans visited Canada by automobile, a number that dropped by 10.2 per cent to 24.5 million in 2005. At the Champlain-Lacolle border crossing near Plattsburgh, N.Y., summer crossings were up in 2005, but they fell by thousands each month after the new rules were announced. If this is an indication of things to come, Schumer says, "We are certainly in big trouble."

Perhaps the region with the most at risk is Niagara, where "much of our business relies on the rubber-tire traffic from 'Middle' America—a couple with two kids who hop in a car and say let's go to Niagara," says Patrick Gedge, CEO of the Niagara Economic Development Corp. They come over on driver's licences, he says, and "they are not going to go to the trouble and cost of getting a passport." But never mind what might happen down the road. Combined with the weakening U.S. dollar and high gas prices, the misperception that passports are needed now and the threat they will be needed soon are already hurting the local economy. Over the past three years, Gedge says, some $1.3 billion in investment has poured into Niagara with the construction of new hotels and resorts to service U.S. visitors. But now, hundreds of millions more is in limbo. "The reality is, we are losing business today," Gedge says, calling on both governments to launch a "massive marketing campaign" to let travellers know passports are not yet needed, and what their alternatives might be when they are. And Gedge hopes Michael Wilson "is aggressive and honest about what the implications are for both economies."

As a matter of diplomacy, the so-called Western Hemisphere Travel Initiative (WHTI), as the impending border requirement is called, is the new softwood lumber dispute, the biggest priority for Canada in its relations with the U.S. and a test of the happier relations between Stephen Harper and George W. Bush. "I think the Canadian government should weigh in heavily with the American government," New York's Schumer told *Maclean's*. "The interests of American citizens and Canadian citizens are the same."

But if the politics of passports were tough after the terrorist attacks on America, they are getting even tougher. It's an election year,

CROSSING THE BORDER at (from top) Toronto, Detroit and Niagara Falls. Lawmakers and lobbyists warn of a 'train wreck' scenario approaching, and are demanding more time

KEVIN FRAYER/CP (TOP); PHOTOGRAPH BY DONALD WEBER; ROBERT NICKELSBERG/GETTY IMAGES

and Congress is convulsed with debates over how to clamp down on illegal immigrants streaming in from Mexico. When the talk is of building triple-layered walls along the border, or deploying the National Guard to help police it, a passport sounds like a small thing to ask for. Bush said last week he doesn't want policies for the northern border to be "restrictive," but the political climate favours exactly that.

"It's not that we think all Canadians and all Mexicans are a risk," a senior official at the U.S. Department of Homeland Security, Paul Rozenszweig, explained to the Senate hearing. "But we have to recognize that some of them are." To make his point, Rozenszweig read from a report by CSIS. "This is the Canadians talking about themselves," he told the committee. "Canada is viewed as an attractive location by terrorists. In fact, most of the world's major terrorist orgs have a presence here. Terrorist-related activities in Canada generally are logistical in support of campaigns abroad," he read, adding that abroad could include the United States.

American border agents are presented "with an almost impossible task" of adjudicating citizenship based on a panopoly of documents that are available, Rozenszweig said. They must know how to examine over 8,000 different kinds of birth certificates—and that's in the United States alone, in addition to state-issued driver's licences, baptismal certificates, naturalization certificates, not to mention foreign documents. On an average day, they intercept more than 200 fraudulent documents and arrest more than 60 people at U.S. points of entry, while refusing entry to hundreds more. Rozenszweig argued that their job would be easier and swifter with biometric passports. "Frankly, many documents are illegible and unverifiable. They create a great potential for fraud—and a potential for security vulnerability," he said.

That vulnerability was underscored by the case of John Allen Muhammad, known as the "D.C. Sniper," who is currently on trial for terrorizing the American capital for 20 days in October 2002, allegedly shooting 13 people and killing 10. It turned out that Muhammad, who at one point kidnapped his children and took them to the Caribbean nation of Antigua, made a living there by forging U.S. driver's licences and birth certificates, and selling them to Jamaicans for US$3,000 per set. Those could have been used as ID to enter the U.S.—like Americans travelling home from Canada and elsewhere in the western hemisphere, except Cuba, those entering from Jamaica were exempt from the passport requirement to enter the U.S. These revelations caused outrage in Congress, but when a House committee studied the incident, some members were keen to make sure the Caribbean would not be singled out. Rep. Sheila Jackson Lee of Texas held up a photo from the *Houston Chronicle* and read the caption aloud: "Long Ride for Short Legs: Mitchell Hinsher, 7, from Niagara Falls, Ont., rode his bike across the United States-Canada border Saturday undetected by U.S. customs officials. His nearly 8.5-mile journey ended at a busy intersection in Niagara Falls, N.Y."

"This," she told her colleagues, "is among the challenges that we have."

Precisely how Canada weighs in is a delicate question. Canadian officials believe they cannot be seen to be arguing for less border security. Nor does the Harper government want to be seen to be lecturing the Americans about what documents to require of its own citizens. And both countries need to co-operate to keep the border running as smoothly as possible, no matter what policy takes effect.

So Canada is following a strategy that one official calls "sophisticated but plodding." It consists in one part of assuring the Bush administration that Canada is ready and willing to co-operate with whatever rules are passed, and pushing for harmonization of technology so that things will work as smoothly as possible. But on the other hand, Canada is quietly making the case, in private meetings on Capitol Hill, that extending the deadlines would be best for everyone. "Our message is, we are with you on security," a Canadian official explained. "We are just saying, let's take the time to do it right."

"We have a long way to go" to delay or change the legislation, Wilson admitted last week. But he remains hopeful. "If it looks like it's not appropriate to proceed on the timing that's in the legislation, reasonable people will say we should have a delay. Reasonable people understand that we can't have confusion and disruption at significant border crossings."

Canada also wants the Department of Homeland Security to acknowledge that there is wiggle room in the language of the law, which was passed without much notice in December 2004 as part of the mammoth Intelligence Reform and Terrorism Prevention Act implementing the recommendations of the 9/11 commission. The commission's final report said, "Americans should not be exempt from carrying biometric passports or otherwise enabling their identities to be securely verified when they enter the United States, nor should Canadians or Mexicans."

The law instructs the executive branch, in the person of the secretary of homeland security, to decide what documents will be sufficient. These may include "a passport or other document, or combination of documents, deemed by the secretary of homeland security to be sufficient to denote identity and citizenship, for all travel into the United States." The precise meaning of "other documents" is up to the Bush administration. The secretary of homeland security, Michael Chertoff, told Canada's minister of public security, Stockwell Day, that documents other than passports will be acceptable. But he did not say which ones: only the proposed PASS cards? Or documents that Americans and Canadians currently possess, such as a combination of driver's licence and birth certificate? That question will not be answered definitively until later this year for air and sea crossings, and next year for the land border when Homeland Security comes out with its proposed rules.

The American ambassador says the concerns "have been heard." And, Wilkins adds, "The most important thing to realize is WHTI is a work in progress. The law has been passed, but Homeland Security has jurisdiction to come up with regulations that will deal with the PASS card or another secure alternative to the passport."

Business groups are also fanning out across Capitol Hill. The coalition for Business for Economic Security, Trade & Tourism has been urging Congress to change the law to create souped-up driver's licences that would include citizenship information. The group's director, Ken Oplinger, is the head of the chamber of commerce in the border community of Bellingham, Wash., near the border. His wife commutes each day to work—in Vancouver. "For people like me, I never know when I'm going to be over the border. I would have to carry my passport on me all the time—and a 24- or 48-page book is not something easy to carry around," he says.

Oplinger does not see PASS cards as a solution. "In essence, you have to go through all the same stuff to get a PASS card as a passport—there is no benefit as far as timeliness. There is a cost break, but it's not significant. And third, most important, it is only good at the land border," he complains. In addition, Homeland Security seems to be far from settling on a technology, let alone producing a card. Confirming the worries of many critics, Frank Moss, deputy assistant secretary for U.S. passport services, told the Senate subcommittee hearing that it will be difficult for the State Department to get the cards out on time. Nonetheless, in an interview with *Maclean's*, Jim Williams, the Homeland Security official charged with overseeing the card's implementation, said the deadlines are "aggressive"—but that the department is "committed" to meeting them, and is fully aware of the economic stakes.

High-tech cards can make crossing the border faster and more efficient, he argued. "If you [continue to] rely upon driver's licences and birth certificates, you haven't done anything to help with facilitation. We have US$2 billion a day in travel and trade that goes across the border, and we want to do everything we can to take it into the 21st century," he added. Williams also said that every effort will be made not to discourage tourism. "We know that we have to deal with the issue of casual travellers—those who fly into Buffalo for a wedding and want to see the Canadian side of Niagara Falls and don't have passports," he said. They may be able to acquire special day passes or some other form of ID.

"We are trying to compress a major cultural change into a short period of time," says Bryan, the ferry operator in Seattle. "My personal opinion is that it's a tragedy, because we shouldn't have to rely on a passport. Make the driver's licence more secure," he says. But the State Department's Moss has said that improved driver's licences are not the answer, at least in the short term. "We view this as a solution perhaps in the future, but not certainly under the timelines we have, where quite honestly we will admit we are hard-pressed to roll out the card right now," he told the Senate.

There are efforts in Congress to slow down the process and avoid Senator Leahy's dire train-wreck scenario. But so far, politicians are caught up in the political storm over illegal Mexican immigration. Still, as controversial immigration reform legislation is debated in Congress, border state lawmakers succeeded in including in the Senate immigration bill several changes to the passport law. Among them: extend the deadlines until the documentation is ready and has been tested, allow the use of PASS cards at both sea and land entry points, waive fees for kids, and open the possibility for the future use of more secure driver's licences. "If it gets all the way through, a good part of the problem is solved," says Oplinger.

But getting the bill passed by the Senate was half the battle. In the weeks ahead, senators will have to negotiate a compromise with representatives of the much more hawkish House, which has already passed tougher immigration legislation. Whether or not the bill, let alone the portions relating to the passport law, can survive this process remains to be seen. Like never before, the fate of the northern border is now tied to the one to the south. ■



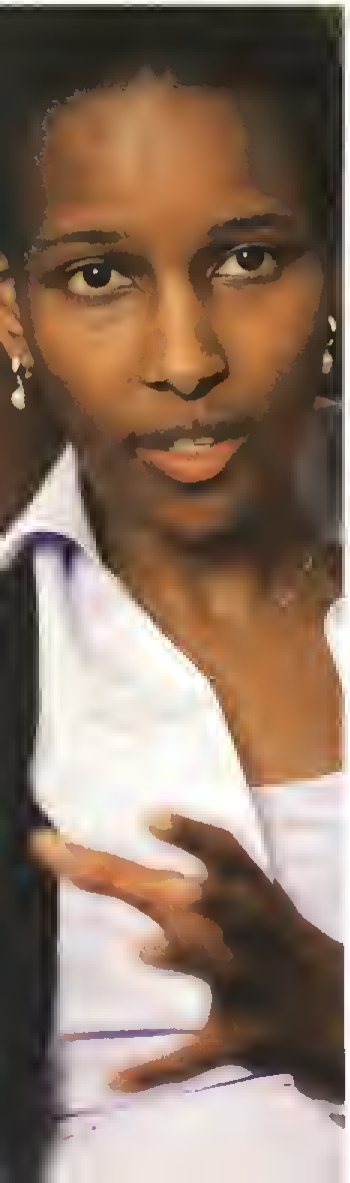
'OUR FUTURE LARGELY DEPENDS ON HOW WELL THIS IS HANDLED'



'IT'S NOT that we think all Canadians and Mexicans are a risk,' said a Homeland Security official. 'But we have to recognize some are.' From top, Niagara Falls, Detroit and Seattle.

RON POLING/CP (TOP); PHOTOGRAPH BY DONALD WEBER; TED S. WARREN/AP

THE BACKLASH AGAINST ISLAM



Dutch Muslims are under increasing pressure to integrate

BY MICHAEL PETROU • If there were ever a Somali immigrant whom even the most xenophobic Dutch should have embraced, it was Ayaan Hirsi Ali. The former MP is one of the country's most outspoken critics of conservative Islam, and she has firmly demanded the integration of immigrants into Dutch society. Doing so demanded tremendous courage. In 2004, a Dutch Islamist named Muhammed Bouyeri stabbed, shot and almost beheaded filmmaker Theo van Gogh, who had collaborated with Hirsi Ali on a movie that was critical of Islam. Bouyeri left a five-page note impaled to van Gogh's chest that threatened Hirsi Ali's life. She went into hiding and has required round-the-clock protection ever since.

But Hirsi Ali refused to be silenced. She defended the right of European newspapers to publish cartoons depicting the Prophet Muhammad, and she has continued to speak out against the subjugation of women in Muslim societies. Demigrated as a traitor by many Muslims, she might have consoled herself with the belief that she was supported by most of Dutch society, and especially her own centre-right People's Party for Freedom and Democracy. All this came crashing down earlier this month, when hardline Dutch Immigration Minister Rita Verdonk—a member of Hirsi Ali's own party—said her Dutch citizenship was invalidated because of allegations in a TV documentary that Hirsi Ali had lied in her 1992 asylum application. Hirsi Ali reportedly concealed the route she had taken to reach Holland, her real name, and her true date of birth.

Hirsi Ali says she freely admitted as much many times, including when she was vetted in 2002 as a candidate for parliament. Now, her case has provoked an uproar. And it highlights the increasingly uneasy relationship between native Dutch and Holland's immigrant, and especially Muslim, population.

Modern Dutch society was built on the concept of "pillars": different communities were free to keep to their own identities. People were encouraged to accept their neighbours but not necessarily assimilate. When the first waves of Muslim migrants arrived as "guest workers" in the 1960s and 1970s, there was little pressure to integrate. But the children of these immigrants were born at a much faster rate than the native Dutch. Currently, the majority of children under the age of 14 in the three largest cities are what the government describes as "of non-Western background." Most of these are Muslim—and they are radically changing Dutch society.

Two years ago, a Dutch all-party parliamentary report concluded that efforts to build a harmonious, multi-ethnic country had failed. It pointed to growing ghettos of ethnic Moroccans and Turks, with decreasing integration. "Our policy is not working," says Jeroen Dijsselbloem, spokesman on integration and migration policy for the left-centre Labour Party. "The number of social contacts between groups is going down. Instead of moving toward an integrated society, segregation is almost complete."

The "parallel" Muslim societies suffer from much higher levels of unemployment and poverty. And the influence of a rigid and conservative Islam is growing. "There has been a period of several decades in which we have left one another alone," Dijsselbloem says. "That doesn't work anymore. If gays in Amsterdam are being discriminated against or violently attacked in the streets by violent youngsters, it just proves that you can't keep these societies apart."

"Marriage migration" is another concern. According to Dijsselbloem, 60 to 70 per cent of second-generation Moroccans and Turks marry someone from outside Holland, often from their family's home village. "The youngsters who are born here, who are educated here, who are just starting their career, are basically set back in their emancipation process by marrying a boy or girl from a village who has hardly any education," he says. "A girl who was born here marries this boy from the north Moroccan mountains who is very traditional, who tells the girl to stay at home. This is going on."

Faced with a divided society, the Dutch parliament is trying to force newcomers to integrate. Since March 15, prospective immigrants have been required to pass a Dutch language and culture test before they can enter Holland. The exam costs 350 euros; for another 60 euros, potential immigrants can purchase a "preparatory kit," including an educational video that informs viewers about the Netherlands. It also depicts topless women, and men kissing each other. "The idea is that when you are preparing to immigrate, you will be better prepared when you get here," says Henk Snoeken, in charge of the integration policy. "Of course everyone is free to have their own cultures, but you have to know about the culture you're moving to."

The Dutch government is also trying to integrate minorities already in the country. Newcomers are required to take around 600 hours of "culture classes", next year, an exam will be instituted, and those who do not pass may be refused a permanent residency permit. Even some foreign-born Dutch citizens will be required to take the exam. In total, Snoeken estimates there are 500,000 people already in the Netherlands who will need to take the test. Those who refuse may be fined.

Dijsselbloem says the new integration policies are part of the "emancipation process" that needs to happen among Dutch Muslims. But many Muslims aren't so sure they even want to integrate into Dutch society. Mohammed Lakdim and Mohamed Azahaf, aged 20 and 22, live in Amsterdam. In the evenings, they hang out at the Argan youth centre, a social club popular with other young Muslims. Clean-shaven, wearing blue jeans, both were born in Holland, their parents are from Morocco.

"They are talking about integration for people like us," says Lakdim. "But they didn't ask us if we want to change our culture or our religion. I don't want to change for anyone. The problem with integration is, it's like telling a bird to go into the ocean and swim like a fish." Azahaf is equally frustrated. "Whenever I ask them what they mean by integration, they don't have an answer, because, me, I'm born here, I speak Dutch better than a Dutch guy, I'm working, I'm doing everything I'm supposed to," he says. "They want that we don't go to the mosque—what they want is that we do the same as all normal Dutch people, drinking, going to the disco. But I don't want that. I want to be Muslim."

A few blocks from Dijsselbloem's office in The Hague is Osman's Shoarma Grillroom. It caters to Turks, who tend to be less conservative than the Moroccans. The owner, Osman Macit, is 53 and has been in Holland almost half his life. He's what's known colloquially as a "white illegal"—someone who works and pays taxes in Holland but does not have a residency permit. He seems reluctant to complain, but does say of the native Dutch: "They don't accept me." Eventually, Macit, a successful businessman, will be asked to take a test to prove that he is sufficiently integrated to live here.

One of Macit's friends and customers is Coskun Hamazhaya, 39. Hamazhaya emigrated to Holland from Turkey when he was a teenager, joining his father, who was a guest worker. He is a full citizen, and has worked as both a policeman and now a social worker. He thinks Dutch voters are becoming more nationalistic, and the new laws are meant to appease them. "I am very liberal, and my woman is very liberal, too," he says. "But you can live here maybe even 100 years, and they don't accept you. I go out and Dutch people see that I am not blond. We will integrate, but Dutch people will not."

'THE PROBLEM WITH INTEGRATION IS, IT'S LIKE TELLING A BIRD TO GO INTO THE SEA AND SWIM LIKE A FISH'



A VIDEO for migrants features topless women and men kissing

Hamazhaya even moved into a native Dutch neighbourhood, where he lived beside an old and infirm man. "I said, 'Neighbour, when you need something, tell me. I will get it for you—it is our culture to help.'" Hamazhaya says his neighbour looked shocked. He never called on Hamazhaya, and no one ever welcomed him to their street. "I don't understand it. They like restaurants from other countries, but they won't have coffee with their Turkish neighbours. I think they are afraid of us."

Ayaan Hirsi Ali, meanwhile, says she is packing her bags and is ready to leave Holland. She has been offered a job at the American Enterprise Institute, a conservative think tank. U.S. deputy secretary of state Robert Zoellick has described her as "a very courageous and impressive woman," and said Hirsi Ali is welcome in the United States. Verdonk, the Dutch immigration minister, is now scrambling to keep Hirsi Ali in Holland. She said she will implement a parliamentary motion to investigate whether Hirsi Ali can keep her Dutch citizenship. It's almost certainly too late. Ayaan Hirsi Ali has given no indication she wants to stay. M

EVEN HIRSI ALI, a critic of conservative Islam, became a victim of the tough new mood

FRED ERNST/AP

EVERT ELZINGA/AP (LEFT); CP

Wow—nice chador!

Fending off Western fashions, Iran tries to make Muslim dress cool

BY JONATHON GATEHOUSE • Iran's president, Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, makes no bones about his desire to wipe Israel off the map. And he doesn't believe the Holocaust ever happened. But a suggestion that his government plans to single out Jews and other religious minorities by having them wear coloured badges appears to be way off base. Time to recalibrate the crazy-o-metre.

The report, which first surfaced last week on the front page of the *National Post*, suggested a new Islamic dress code passed by Iran's parliament, the Majlis, includes a provision requiring non-Muslims to wear identifying strips of cloth or tags. The story, with its echoes of Nazi Germany, caused an international sensation, and politicians, including Prime Minister Stephen Harper, condemned Iran. The scoop was short-lived, however. Iranian officials, including the Majlis' only Jewish member, vehemently denied that such a plan exists. And the *Post*, unable to find any evidence beyond the word of one Iranian-American commentator—who now says that his writings were blown out of proportion—has published a retraction.

The original story was right in one aspect—there is a new battle brewing over how people dress in one of the world's most conservative societies. But the attempts at regulating outfits seem to be more comic than sinister. On May 15, Iran's national news agency reported that the Majlis had "approved the outlines" of a bill setting out styles "suitable for Iranian culture" and a "national fashion trend." If the law is endorsed by the high-ranking clerics that make up the country's Council of Guardians, and gets the thumbs up from the supreme leader, Ayatollah Ali Khamenei, a committee, comprised of fashion designers, television broadcasters, bureaucrats and parliamentarians, will start figuring out how to make modest Islamic clothing more appealing to the masses. The stated goal is to prevent Western-style fashion from making further inroads among Iran's young people. "Promotion of Western and spontaneous styles has become a cultural problem in major cities. It needs national attention," explained Mahmoud Hosseini, a Majlis spokesman. There are plans for a new tax on imported garments, and a national advertising campaign, as well as "seasonal fairs" and cultural exhibitions to

promote Islamic dress. News reports have also stressed that the new code is meant to be voluntary rather than compulsory.

Mohamad Tavakoli Targhi, a professor of history and Near and Middle Eastern civilization at the University of Toronto, has been following the legislation as it progressed through parliament. He is at a loss to explain how the *Post* arrived at its conclusions. "There is nothing whatsoever in this bill about minorities." Rather, he says, it is an attempt by the government to deal with a growing fashion rebellion among Iranian youth—not by cracking down, but by making modest Islamic dress hip and cool. Two-thirds of Iran's population is under 30, and when they gather behind closed doors, says Tavakoli Targhi, they dress far more fashionably than young Canadians. Satellite television gives them access to all they need to know to keep up with the latest, and most daring, couture. Recognizing the problem, the Majlis is actually trying to loosen the dress code by encouraging new, stylish variations of the dress-like chador and hijab head covering. "The idea is to create diversity, not a uniform," he says.

Clothing has long been a flashpoint in Iranian society. During the reign of Reza Shah, it was the Islamic style of dress that was under attack. In 1928, the Majlis passed a law requiring all civil servants to dress like Europeans. In 1936, as part of a program to extend women's rights, the Shah banished the veil from Iranian society, and made it illegal for women to wear the traditional dress and headscarf in public.

The 1978 revolution not only saw the reimposition of Islamic dress for women, sparking public protests, but the death of the necktie for men, disparaged as a symbol of Western corruption. Police and roving bands of religious zealots like Ansar-e-Hezbollah and Basij militias vigorously enforced the fashion rules, handing out beatings or hauling people off to jail. Iranian law still requires women to be covered from head to toe, but standards loosened considerably after 1997 when the reform-minded Mohammed Khatami became president. Women started to again wear makeup in public, their chadors became tighter and shorter, and their scarves were pushed further back on their heads.

The revolution's most avid followers have been unhappy with the fashion backsliding, but have so far been unable to put the genie back in the bottle. The periodic crackdowns have had little lasting effect. Now, running short of ideas, they are trying a gentler form of persuasion. The notion that a bunch of old guys in robes and turbans can sell rebellious kids cool fashions might be the most preposterous story yet. M

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IT'S LIKE AMERICAN IDOL, but with monsters, Vikings and a robot puppet

Oh Lordi, it's so political

Eurovision isn't about music, it's about national pride and old feuds

BY MICHAEL PETROU • Karl von Clausewitz once described war as the "continuation of politics by other means," but he might as well have been talking about the Eurovision Song Contest. Every year, upwards of 100 million Europeans watch the annual international talent show that pits singers from across Europe against each other in a festival of kitsch and cleavage. Voters in each European country phone in to rank their top 10 choices, and points are distributed accordingly. This means that all Europeans can see how neighbouring countries judged their own entries.

It's not about the music—the 51-year-old song contest hasn't produced a truly memorable hit since ABBA triumphed in 1974 with *Waterloo*, and most entries are complete rubbish. This year featured singing monsters, some sort of robot puppet, and a Spanish band named Ketchup, whith prompted the BBC's sardonic commentator Sir Terry Wogan to note "Spain lost the plot years ago." Rather, it is all about national pride, regional alliances and old feuds. Cyprus and Greece can be counted on to give full marks to each other, and Russia relies on its former Soviet partners Ukraine and Belarus to remember their old ties. Most countries align themselves in regional voting blocs—the Scandinavians stick together in the powerful "Viking bloc," as do the Baltic states and Balkan countries.



ABBA was the last winnar with a hit

Some countries with few regional allies can slip through and do well. No one minds voting for plucky Norway, for example. But Europe's powerful states, especially France and Britain, which are united only by their mutual contempt, are typically locked out. In 2003, Britain failed to receive a single vote—a result that was widely seen as reflecting Europe's anger over the Iraq war. It left many in Britain wondering why their government was so intent on forging closer political ties to a continent that clearly hated their guts. "They're just jealous," one Briton snorted. "I couldn't care less."

In truth, the contest is taken much more seriously in eastern Europe and in countries new to—or eager to join—the European Union, where participation in the song contest is seen not only as a key to bragging rights, but also as proof of democratic bona fides and membership in the European cultural community. "It's pretty close [in importance] to the European Cup," Dimitar Bechev, a Bulgarian, said at a spirited Eurovision party held in England. Turkey, for example, is far too desperate to be accepted into Europe to enter with a song featuring the immodest lyrics, "We are the winners of Eurovision," which is exactly what Lithuania did. (It finished sixth.)

On the outskirts of Europe, regional conflicts feature heavily. The Armenian entry provoked wrath from neighbouring Azerbaijan because the singer listed his place of birth as the "republic of Nagorno Karabakh"—a contested region over which tens of thousands have died and a million more have been displaced. Then, an Armenian member of parliament complained that the song wasn't Armenian enough because it contained Turkish words.

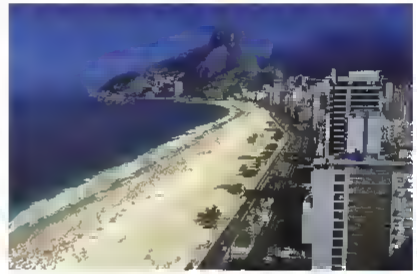
In the end, however, all of Europe was seduced by gargoyles from Finland during the contest final on May 20. Lordi, a heavy metal band in monster uniforms, who flicked their tongues, rolled their red eyes, growled and set off fireworks on stage. "There's not enough silliness in the world," Sir Terry once said. "Eurovision helps to keep it balanced." M

CP PICTUREARTS

BUYING DOWN IN RIO

Brazil's premier city is the new South Beach—only more affordable

BY ISABEL VINCENT • When the Rolling Stones played a massive concert in Rio de Janeiro earlier this year, the big gossip wasn't so much that Mick Jagger spent most of his time hanging out with his Brazilian love child, but that U.S. fashion designer Calvin Klein was in town shopping for a condo. Klein, a regular visitor to Rio, reportedly signed the deal on a luxury apartment in the trendy beachfront neighbourhood of Leblon. He'd been renting in the city for years, and "decided he really needed to make it permanent," said the realtor who finalized the deal in February. Shortly after, newspapers carried photographs of Italian designer Valentino, who had also recently purchased Rio property. Klein's realtor, meanwhile, who did not want her name made public, admitted her company is also helping supermodels Naomi Campbell and Gisele Bündchen, and several other boldface names, find property.



BETTER THAN Miami 'More nightlife, beautiful people'

Although Rio has always attracted visitors from all over the world, it has now become the latest international hot spot, drawing not only the glitterati but middle-class buyers searching for a relatively inexpensive place in the sun. "There's no terrorism, people are friendly, and the weather is pretty much beautiful all year long," says a New York based art dealer searching for an apartment in the neighbourhoods of Ipanema and Leblon. One New York advertising executive, who has been visiting Rio since the early 1970s, says that despite many of the drawbacks associated with this city of 13 million—among them crime and a unilingual Portuguese culture—he prefers Rio to Miami, where he owns an apartment. "Miami is crowded, and has absolutely no culture to speak of," says the executive, who asked not to be identified. "This is paradise."

According to real estate experts, the seaside neighbourhood of Ipanema, with its tony cafes and boutiques, has become one of the most expensive parts of the city, with the costliest apartments located directly across from Post 9, the hippest part of the beach. "It's the new South Beach," says local swimsuit designer Lenny Niemeyer, referring to the trendy beachfront area in Miami. "But it's better, because there are more options, more nightlife, great restaurants, beautiful people," adds Niemeyer, who lives in an art deco building she owns on the border of the Ipanema and Lagoa neighbourhoods.

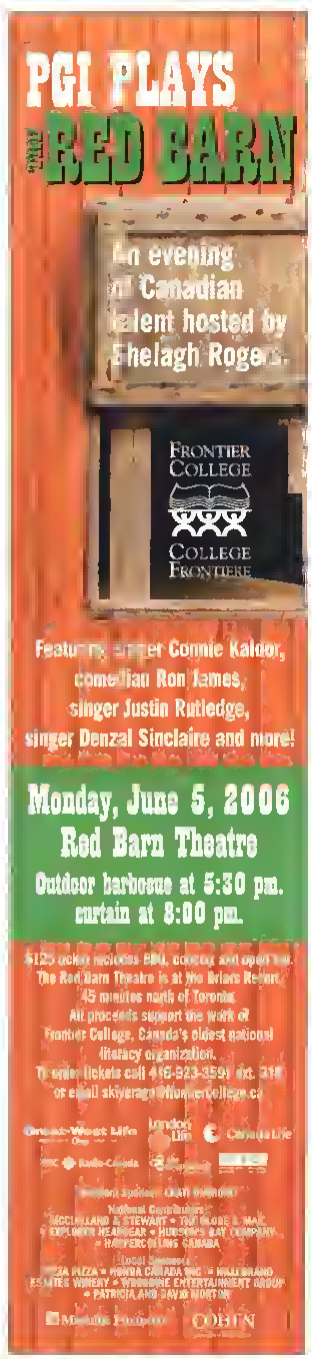
And by international real estate standards, the city is still a bargain, although prices are rising in the wake of high-end purchases. In Ipanema, they range from US$100,000 for a three bedroom, third-floor walk-up in an art deco building a block from the beach, to about US$1.5 million for a 3,000-sq.-foot beachfront apartment at Post 9. "Right now, Ipanema is the most sought-after part of the city," says Elsa Marsola, an agent with the R. Gentil real estate firm. "We have lots of foreigners buying, and it's driving up the price."

Real estate here comes with some eccentricities. There are no multiple listing services, agents represent the seller, and are rarely willing to bargain on behalf of a buyer or risk lowering their commission of five per cent. Bank loans for foreigners are difficult to come by, with some banks charging rates as high as 12 per cent. "But you can always make a deal," says Marsola, who specializes in upper end properties in Ipanema. "Cash talks." M

THE ISSUE IN...

CANNES' HOME-JACKING LEAVES A HANGOVER

French soccer star Patrick Vieira, his wife and daughter woke up one morning last week with bad headaches and the uneasy realization that some jewellery and their Mercedes had been stolen. They were the latest victims of "home-jacking," which has become rife in the posh Côte d'Azur region. Home-jacking involves thieves pumping a narcotic gas in through a home's air conditioning system, rendering occupants helpless.



PRIVATE MONEY, PUBLIC FIGHTS

Gerry Schwartz's bid for two newspapers casts Onex in a new light

BY COLIN CAMPBELL • Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, has little affection to spare these days for Gerry Schwartz and his holding company Onex Corp. Earlier this month, Onex was one of six companies looking to buy Philadelphia's two largest newspapers, the *Inquirer* and *Daily News*. Representatives from the Toronto-based company had made several trips to feel out the properties, and things seemed to be going well. That is, until two weeks ago, when a confidential letter from an Onex manager ended up in the hands of a reporter at a Philadelphia newspaper, allegedly revealing the company's ruthless plans to make deep cuts inside the papers' newsrooms. Then the bad blood started to flow.

According to the Teamsters union representing drivers and printing press workers at the papers, Onex had come looking for assurances from the union that it wouldn't oppose plans to cut newsroom jobs. The Teamsters said no, siding instead with the Newspaper Guild. Then Onex sent the fateful letter to the Teamsters, saying the company couldn't fully appreciate the union's concern "for colleagues at other collective bargaining units." When that missive, as well as Onex's plans, all went public, reporters noted the author, Onex manager Seth Mersky, even misspelled "Inquirer," calling the paper the "Enquirer." "I guess that name doesn't mean anything to him," the president of the local Teamsters said. "But it's on our paycheques."

Onex soon found itself portrayed as the stereotypically ruthless private equity company, set to destroy journalism in Philadelphia for a quick buck. In the end, the papers were sold to a local group—"Our kind of people," declared the *Daily News*.

Onex's bid, however ungraceful, confirmed the company's long-rumoured interest in the newspaper business, while also providing a lesson in the kind of scrutiny a company attracts when venturing into that realm. And it comes at a time when Onex, long known as media shy, seems intent on staying out of the headlines. (Despite much recent activity, no one at the company was willing to be interviewed.) Onex, which seemed down-and-out three years ago, has been making a minor comeback with a series of fruitful investments, but it has also quietly been making big changes in the way it does business. While Onex was testing the waters in Philadelphia, back in Toronto, Schwartz was telling investors the company had too much idle cash lying around—about $1.5 billion. The solution? Schwartz promptly announced that the company was launching a massive private equity fund worth $4 billion (up to 40 per cent of which will come from Onex). The size of the fund came as a surprise, but its creation did not. Over the past few years, Onex has sprouted a number of these privately funded tentacles. It now controls funds called Onex Partners LP, Onex Partners II, ONCAP LP, ONCAP II LP and Onex Real Estate Partners. All operate much the same way Onex does and are controlled by Onex, but differ in an important way—they use private money, and operate at arm's-length from the public company and its investors. While they've proved successful, the funds have raised questions about who really benefits in the new, more private Onex—managers or shareholders—and just what type of company Onex is becoming.

Onex has long been something of a curiosity. Founded by Schwartz in 1984 with $2 million of his own money, it is now the only private equity firm in North America that's publicly traded. At its simplest, it is described as a "buy-build-and-hold" company—it buys underperforming companies, rebuilds and restructures them, and holds on to them for long periods. The prime example is its investment in Celestica, a high-tech manufacturing company Onex bought in 1996 from IBM. After cutting costs and rejigging, it proved a massive money maker through the '90s, until the tech bubble burst.

Lately though, the arm's-length private equity funds have taken the lead. Over the past two years, most of Onex's large investments have used the $2.1 billion private equity fund, Onex Partners LP, set up in 2004. By the end of 2005, it had invested over $1 billion, largely in the U.S. health care industry and in a former Boeing airplane parts maker called Spirit AeroSystems. Now, with the addition of the latest fund, Onex Partners II, the perception is that Onex is gradually morphing into a money management company, where investments are made in part through the private funds, while Onex handles the management fees and returns rather than investing shareholders' money directly. "The truth is that in setting up these funds, they are beginning to manage outside money as opposed to just the money that the shareholders own," says Horst Hueniken, an analyst at Westwind Partners in Toronto. "They do look today more like a money management firm than before they had all these funds."

When Onex established Onex Partners, the structure raised some concern among shareholders. What caught their attention were the fees paid to Onex managers, which appeared "excessive," as one BMO Nesbitt Burns report noted this year. The fund includes money from Onex (24 per cent), Onex managers (four per cent), and large investors like banks and insurance companies in Canada, Europe, and the U.S. (72 per cent). But the returns the fund pays to Onex are unevenly distributed: of the fees and gains that go to Onex, management receives 60 per cent, while Onex itself receives 40 per cent. According to the company's financial statements, Onex received $11 million in carried interest from the funds in 2005. Management, on the other hand, collected $17 million.

Onex insists its managers put their own money into the company and that they "share in the risk and rewards of ownership." And the company is known to be very generous with its rewards. Last year, Schwartz's annual compensation appeared to fall about 15 per cent, from $12.5 million in 2004 to $10.6 million in 2005. But that doesn't include any money he may have collected from Onex Partners. However, any initial concern about management largesse has been somewhat muted by the company's recent success. As analysts note, so long as things are going well, Onex shareholders are still better off with the current structure than they were without it.

And lately, Onex has been hot. Having suffered through a few tough years after the tech bubble burst, the company has lined up some big paydays, like the investment in Spirit just before the aerospace industry took off. The company is rumoured to be considering taking Spirit public this year, a sign of its success. While the private equity funds are becoming an important part of Onex's business, they are not yet the bread and butter for Onex shareholders. "The successful purchasing and selling of companies, that's the main driver for you if you own a share of Onex. It's not yet the fees," said one analyst.

While there are still lingering questions as to why Onex chooses to raise money privately, rather than through the public markets as it has in the past, there are good reasons why the company needs the large pool of money the funds provide. Onex was dealt a blow four years ago when it failed to purchase Yellow Pages, and more recently when its deal to buy Aeroplan from Air Canada fell apart. "This triggered their interest to build those kinds of funds where they have other partners making commitments ahead of time," said one analyst. "This way they have the liquidity to pursue large acquisitions." Big purchases are becoming essential in the increasingly competitive world of private equity.

Newspapers, an embattled industry suffering in a weak advertising market, might be ripe for the picking for Onex. They may be losing readers but they are still making money and can, theoretically, be milked for decades to come. Add to that the opportunity to cut costs, which Onex clearly sees, and the returns can get even better. Despite the Philly fiasco, Onex is still on the prowl. That may be good news for shareholders, but not for the workers of companies it has in its sights. Last week, the head of the group that now owns the Philadelphia papers couldn't resist a parting shot. Putting on a mock Canadian accent, he told relieved reporters from both papers: "Think of what would have been, eh?" M

ONEX IS ON A HOT STREAK, BUT QUESTIONS ABOUT HIGH FEES PAID TO MANAGEMENT REMAIN



SCHWARTZ is one of Canada's richest CEOs, but little is known about Onex's new funds

PHILADELPHIA'S unionized newspapers wanted nothing to do with Onex's planned job cuts

J.P. MOCZULSKI/REUTERS

GEORGE WIDMAN/AP

Foaming at the feet

Call it the clog wars—the fight over revolutionary, non-slip footwear

BY REBECCA ADDELMAN • It happens all the time—just look at Pepsi and Coke or McDonald's and Burger King. Companies are constantly trying to find new ways to beat the competition while shilling the same product, be it cola or fries. One of the latest battles is over clogs, and it's gotten ugly. Crocs, a small shoe company from Boulder, Col., makes a colourful, non-slip clog from a foam type resin, and is trying to one-up its competitors by suing 11 other companies that make—you guessed it—a colourful, non-slip clog from a foam type resin.

The clog wars originated in Quebec City in 2002, when Andy Reddyhoff's company Finproject North America developed the shoe. Finproject began selling it to a handful of businesses, including Crocs and Holey Soles, a footwear start-up from Vancouver. The clogs soon became rabidly popular. Boaters, gardeners and medical professionals loved the easy-to-wash, odour resistant material. Holey Soles went from being a $60,000 business in 2003 to a $4-million enterprise by 2005. In February, Crocs debuted as the largest footwear IPO in U.S. history. But the demand on Reddyhoff had been overwhelming. By 2004, Crocs, Inc. had bought Finproject, renaming it Foam Creations.

Which is where things get thorny. With its purchase of Finproject, Crocs claims it also acquired the intellectual property rights and patents to the shoe. But the market was saturated with companies, including Holey Soles, now making virtually the same clog. How could Crocs patent a shoe that had been around for years? "They put on a strap," says Holey Soles CEO Joyce Groote. Last month, after being awarded patents, Crocs slapped lawsuits on some of its competition, including Holey Soles. "They say they're vigorously defending their patent rights," says Groote, "but if they were serious they'd be taking on every company, not just the bigger ones. They have their sights set on us."

Groote has filed her own copyright suit in the U.S. against Crocs, Inc. Crocs PR manager Tia Mattson refused to comment on the legal manoeuvering, adding only that the Crocs brand is different because of the "strap" and a "unique material" called Croslite. The courts will now have to decide if this design tweak is enough to win the war of the clogs. M

Breaking faith with the cult of Kyoto


STEVE MAICH

Canadians like to consider themselves an earth-loving people. When tourists comment on our clean city streets and vast unspoiled wilderness, our sense of patriotic superiority swells. As such, Canadians have developed a deep devotion to the Kyoto Protocol, and its mission to save the planet.

So, when Conservative Environment Minister Rona Ambrose walked into UN climate change meetings a couple of weeks ago and admitted Canada has no hope in Hades of meeting its Kyoto commitments, most Canadians were aghast. A *Macleans.ca* poll found more than 60 per cent of respondents considered the minister's position "a cop out."

The reaction of activists and pundits was far more severe. "Our international credibility is skydiving," said Greenpeace's Steven Guilbeault. Liberal Leader Bill Graham suggested the Conservatives set out to "destroy the system from within." A parade of op-ed writers begged the Tories to reconsider. And the *Toronto Star*'s Richard Gwyn perfectly channelled the smug self-regard of Canada's chattering classes, concluding that Ambrose had embarrassed herself and the country.

Pretty harsh, but whenever a question of public policy is elevated to the level of religious belief, passions are bound to run high. Over the past few years, the protocol's defenders have insisted that it represents the only viable plan to stop the scourge of global warming. And once you accept the notion that the survival of the planet hinges on the success of this initiative, no counter-argument—economic, political or otherwise—can hold any sway. Just as archaeological evidence wields no power over the faith of creationists, the holes in Kyoto's framework do nothing to loosen its emotional hold over its believers. To them, the lines are clear: you are either with Kyoto or against the planet.

But when Rona Ambrose came clean to the UN, all she really did was shine a cold hard light on all the happy myths that have kept the pact alive for almost a decade, despite showing virtually no progress toward its goal.

Since 1997, Kyoto has been presented as a broad international consensus among 163 countries committed to reversing climate change. A closer look reveals that it was never more than a loose coalition that meant very different things to different countries. At one end is Canada, which would have to slash emissions by a staggering 35 per cent by 2012 to comply. At the other end are countries like Russia which, thanks to the collapse of its industrial economy in the early 1990s, still has plenty of room to keep raising emissions within the confines of the pact. Then there were poor countries like India and China which signed, but only because they weren't required to cut emissions at all. It was this vast inequity that led the U.S. to reject the deal in 2002, and to start looking for alternatives.

Proponents always promised that Kyoto would be followed by a sequel agreement imposing sharper reductions on all countries. But the developing world is having none of it. On the day after Ambrose disavowed Kyoto, India's secretary of the environment said bluntly that climate change takes a back seat to his government's priority of reducing poverty. A similar message has come from China, which already ranks as the world's second biggest polluter and is well on its way to eclipsing the U.S. for top spot.

Even if Canada could meet its Kyoto target, it would cut less than one per cent from the world's greenhouse gases. The previous Liberal government knew that and tried to have it both ways—endorsing Kyoto on one hand while doing virtually nothing to meet its objectives. Activist groups like Greenpeace and the David Suzuki Foundation just kept preaching that every little bit helps, refusing to acknowledge the obvious: that Canada's promise to do its "fair share" implied a gut-wrenching cost in jobs and public spending, for a minuscule benefit to the environment.

Facing the facts, Ambrose has joined world leaders including Australia's John Howard, and yes, George W. Bush, calling for a third path. One promising option is the Asia-Pacific Partnership on Clean Development, which essentially replaces Kyoto's mandatory cuts and unenforceable penalties with a framework based on incentives, shared technology and co-operation. Environmentalists ridicule the partnership as a stunt by countries like India, China, Australia and the U.S. to deflect criticism and delay action. It's true that, so far, the plan is little more than a statement of shared principles, but it has two key advantages over Kyoto. First, it has the participation of the world's biggest polluters—the U.S. already spends more than US$5 billion a year on climate change research and technology development, and the partnership promises to help spread the results of that investment around the world. Second, it recognizes that if global warming is to be stopped, the world needs to find a way to satisfy three goals: helping poor countries reduce poverty; protecting thriving economies in the West; and doing both while cutting reliance on burning fossil fuels. Kyoto's singular focus on the third objective left everything else to wishful thinking.

Demanding answers to all three isn't a cop-out, it's vital. Faith has its place, and prayer certainly can't hurt. But it's no substitute for clear-eyed analysis, honesty and action. M

To environmental zealots you are either for Kyoto or you're against saving the planet



EMPLOYEE OF THE WEEK

CHIPS ALMOST BURSTING WITH FLAVOUR

A British potato chip factory worker saved dozens of colleagues from danger when he discovered a Second World War hand grenade among the spuds. The McCain Foods building was cleared while a bomb squad conducted a controlled explosion. The company believes the grenade had been buried in the earth with the potatoes imported from Belgium and northern France. The previous day, a missed wet shell went into the potato slicer.

NEW BRUNSWICK TELEGRAPH JOURNAL/CP

Branching Out

When Canadians were recently asked how their *Visa*® cards helped them achieve a goal or meet one of life's challenges, the response was tremendous. Over 600 people shared their stories about wedding planning, vacations, home renovations and more. Five finalists were selected from the submissions. Here is one of their stories.



The message "Success is my goal" flashes on the screen of Rob Kok's cell phone when he turns it on each morning to start his day as owner of Ottawa Tree Surgeons (www.ottawatree.com). When he and his wife Nathalie purchased the phone in 2000 for his then-fledgling urban tree-care business, the message was a little reminder to keep going no matter how hard things got.

The business began slowly in 1999 when they were both employed full-time. On weekends, Nathalie and Rob would leave their baby, Krystofet, with grandparents while they strapped on in-line skates and bladed through neighbourhoods handing out flyers. For every 200 they stuffed in mailboxes, they'd get about five calls. After putting in a full day's work, Rob would do evening estimates for those calls and line up work for the weekend – from pruning hedges to consulting on renovation plans to taking down decayed trees.

Now that he had clients, he needed equipment. After work and between estimates, Rob would scoot off to buy a chainsaw or hedge trimmer or whatever was needed for the upcoming jobs. "We didn't have much money back then so we put everything on our *Visa* card," says Nathalie. "That weekend, I'd do the work, pay the guy helping me, then pay off the *Visa* card," remembers Rob. Every other weekend he'd invest in something else: whether it was chainsaw pants, work boots or a trailer.

Gradually, Rob's client base expanded—and so did his workdays. "He was up at five a.m. every morning and didn't go to bed until 11 p.m.," Nathalie recalls. When he had more clients than hours in a weekend, Rob knew it was time to take the next step. He quit his job and decided to run his company full-time.

"Now that he had clients, he needed equipment. Rob would scoot off to buy a chainsaw or hedge trimmer or whatever was needed for the upcoming jobs."

By 2004, business was steady but Rob was doing everything on his own, from administration to payroll to supervising crews. Nathalie stepped in to manage the office while on maternity leave with their daughter, Julia. "I'd do my calls during Julia's morning nap, then play with her and do more calls when she slept in the afternoon," remembers Nathalie. It started as an experiment to see if the business could afford to have Nathalie on the payroll. They soon figured out she was handling roughly 60 calls a day—freeing Rob to do all the work she brought in. When her maternity leave was up, she resigned from her old job and went on the payroll full-time.

The Koks are thrilled. Rob no longer has to work every evening and weekend so they spend more time as a family. They just bought new patio furniture using their *Visa* card to create a backyard retreat and plan to pay it off before the bill comes in. "It's just so convenient that we often say to each other, 'Just put it on the *Visa*'—it's such a habit for us," says Nathalie. "Our *Visa* card will always be a part of our life."

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"PERHAPS 50 PER CENT WILL HAVE SOME KIND OF ALLERGY BY 2015"

TONY D'AGNONE with the helmet the lets him breathe, 3½-year-old Bridget Wedden inhaling her medication. In 2003, her allergy to dairy products almost killed her.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRISTOPHER WAHL

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW TOLSON/MACLEAN'S

THE ALLERGY EPIDEMIC

Hay fever, asthma, eczema, peanuts. Millions are afflicted—and it's about to get much worse. BY DANYLO HAWALESHKA

With her infant daughter Bridget Wadden dying in her arms, Lee Parpart says she would have sacrificed herself in a heartbeat if it meant saving her life. Parpart felt helpless as she watched her daughter's face transformed by the ugly red swelling caused by anaphylactic shock, a severe allergic reaction in which the body attacks itself. How had it come to this? The first, seemingly innocuous sign was in early 2003, when Bridget was five months old. Parpart and her husband, Ron Wadden, had gone out for an evening together for the first time since their daughter's birth. Ron's mother was babysitting Bridget, and gave her a bit of milk based formula. (She'd been breast-fed up to that point.) Bridget's face and neck broke out in hives, but the red welts had eased by the time her parents arrived home. The incident alarmed Parpart, but her family physician was "fairly nonchalant," she recalls. He said not to worry, it happens, just avoid dairy products. "We'd really been given no indication of how serious this could be," Parpart says. "I didn't know that anyone could be life-threateningly allergic to milk."

Three months later, she and her husband put Bridget in her stroller and went out to soak up a wonderfully warm July day in their east end Toronto neighbourhood. They ran into friends who offered relief from the heat. In hindsight, Parpart blames herself for not checking the Popsicle's ingredients, which included yogourt made with milk. A touch to the lips, and seconds later Bridget's face was covered in hives. But the implications of that relatively mild reaction were not immediately apparent, and her parents reasoned the red welts would fade, just as they had the first time. Bridget soon dozed off, and her father left to take home an antique dresser the couple had just bought at a yard sale. Parpart was alone with Bridget when the eight-month-old girl began to puff up so badly that her left eye swelled shut. Parpart tried calling 911, her cellphone battery was dead. She began to panic and yelled to pedestrians for help. Someone phoned paramedics, who were on the scene in minutes to inject Bridget with adrenalin. "What we wound up having was a complete medical emergency right there on the street."

Bridget is now 3½ years old and has grown into a theatrical, fun-loving child who is fond of *The Little Mermaid*, and whose parents are so very thankful—and fortunate—to still have her. There have been other scares, equally serious, and tests today show that in addition to dairy products, little Bridget is severely allergic to eggs and many nuts, including peanuts, almonds and cashews. She also suffers from the allergic form of asthma, which obliges her parents to administer an inhaled steroid twice a day to prevent the types of painful seizures that have hospitalized Bridget twice already in her young life.

Bridget's case is just a tiny part of an unprecedented allergy epidemic in the Western world that puts the unrealized avian flu crisis to shame, and rivals obesity as a health problem. For some as yet elusive reason, the global incidence of allergic diseases such as food intolerances, asthma, eczema and hay fever is going through the roof in comparatively well-to-do Western cultures, says Mark Jackson, director of the University of Exeter's Centre for Medical History in England, and author of the forthcoming book *Allergy: The History of a Modern Malady*. There are only theories as to why this is so. The predominant notion holds that an overly hygienic Western lifestyle—marked by the availability of everything from indoor plumbing to antibiotics—has left many of us with immune systems primed to overreact when they finally do stare down an "invader" milk, for instance, or pollen. "If you go back to the beginning of the 20th century, the notion of allergy wasn't even around," Jackson says. "A hundred years later, we now think that between 20 and 30 per cent of the Western population is allergic to something—and the figures suggest, certainly in Europe, that perhaps 50 per cent of the population will have some kind of allergy by 2015."

Almost 50 per cent of infants today suffer from some form of eczema, and the prevalence of hay fever stands at between 30 and 40 per cent of the population—a two- to threefold increase in the last few decades. (In 2003, 18.4 million American adults were diagnosed with hay fever, as were 6.7 million children in 2004.) Health Canada estimates that non-food allergies are "the most common chronic condition in Canadians 12 years of age and older." The Allergy, Genes and Environment Network, or AllerGen, is Canada's response to the crisis. Part of the country's Networks of Centres of Excellence, Hamilton-based AllerGen is comprised of more than 100 scientists at 20 universities and research facilities across the country. Dr. Judah Denburg, AllerGen's scientific director, is unequivocal: "What's at

stake," he says, "is the possibility that—if we don't either change how we live, or the way that our bodies and immune systems interact with the environment—we're going to have a flurry of chronic diseases to deal with."

Children, who have been particularly hard hit, are proving to be the proverbial canary in the coal mine. In one study, Dr. Allan Becker at the University of Manitoba looked at 14,000 boys and girls born in 1995 and found that as many as 14 per cent had asthma. "We're talking about one in seven children—that's a huge proportion of the pediatric population," Becker says. "It's in every classroom, every school, and many, many families. It's huge." This reality is reflected in the population at large. Asthma affects about three million people in this country, six out of 10 of whom do not have control of their disease, according to the Asthma Society of Canada. It kills 500 people in Canada each year, 5,000 in the U.S. Meanwhile, the World Health Organization says 150 million people around the world have asthma, and over 180,000 die annually as a result of it.

And that's just one kind of allergic reaction. Denburg estimates that in the past two or so decades, the prevalence of food allergies has risen from less than one per cent of the population to as high as five per cent, depending on the study cited. Food allergies affect some 12 million Americans, resulting in more than 30,000 emergency room visits annually in the U.S., according to the Food Allergy & Anaphylaxis Network. It is estimated that between 150 and 200 Americans die annually from anaphylaxis as a result of food. Canadian figures are generally scarce. For anaphylaxis-related deaths, experts are obliged to extrapolate from the American figures, which suggest between 15 and 20 people die from the shock each year in this country. That figure is likely much too low, the experts point out, noting they believe many cases go unreported.

The support group Anaphylaxis Canada says that, contrary to a popular misconception, the number of food allergy deaths has not gone up, it may even have declined slightly in recent years. But this, as Denburg notes, has everything to do with greater public awareness, and the fact that many people now carry their own EpiPen—an emergency shot of epinephrine, better known as adrenalin. A number of these injectors are stocked by hospitals, but many children own them. Last year in Canada, 335,000 epinephrine injectors were sold, up 61 per cent from 208,000 purchased in 2001.

The consequences of not having ready access to an epinephrine injector have proven tragic, as the case of Sabrina Shannon illustrates. As with Bridget Wadden, Sabrina wasn't yet a year old when she suffered her first severe allergic reaction to milk. For 13 years, Sabrina lived with the threat of deadly anaphylaxis, brought on by peanuts, soy and dairy products. "I felt so completely alone with Sabrina's allergies," her mother, Sara Shannon, told *Maclean's*. Sabrina was 13 in September 2003 when she bought an order of french fries from her school's cafeteria in Pembroke, Ont. In a little over an hour, she was dead. A coroner's probe later suggested Sabrina suffered an anaphylactic episode brought on by trace amounts of cheese left on the tongs used to serve her fries, the same tongs that had been used to serve someone else poutine.

A bill dubbed Sabrina's Law passed in Ontario last year now requires school boards to implement procedures to deal with life-threatening allergies like Sabrina's, which include training school staff to recognize the symptoms of anaphylaxis. The law is the first of its kind in Canada. Most milk allergies are not life-threatening, but absolute numbers are not readily available. "It is not the most common presentation," Becker says, "but it is certainly not rare—rare would be a bad adjective."

All of this, of course, comes with its own price tag. Allergic diseases, Health Canada, estimates, cost the Canadian economy $15 billion in everything from emergency room visits to prescribed medications. Compounding the issue is the fact that we have far too few specialists: in 2003, there were only 126 practising physicians in immunology and allergy in Canada, compared with almost 1,000 cardiologists.





OUR OVERLY HYGIENIC WESTERN LIFESTYLE IS PROBABLY AT FAULT

ANAPHYLAXIS can be triggered by bee stings, peanuts, exercise, (right) the air is full of particles—many of us breathe in 20 million a day

MARTIN PARR/MAGNUM PHOTOS. GETTY IMAGES. ROY MORSCH/CORBIS. CORBIS

Any substance that triggers an allergic reaction is called an allergen. Pollen, dust mites, pet dander, mould, food proteins or any one of a vast array of chemicals in the environment. When an allergen is ingested, inhaled or absorbed through the skin, it stimulates the production of an antibody called immunoglobulin E, or IgE. Subsequent exposure can elicit increasingly violent immune responses, as the body mistakenly marshals its resources to attack what should be, by all rights, a harmless substance. Much depends on previous exposure, and just how much allergen the person comes into contact with.

Some IgE antibodies bind to the surface of mast cells, which line the skin, nose, intestines and bronchial tubes, and play a role in fighting parasitic infections. Mast cells also course through the blood. When an allergen enters the body, it binds to the IgE antibody on the surface of these mast cells, and sparks the release of a chemical torrent flush with histamine and prostaglandins, among other immunologically active molecules. This flash flood leads to itching, inflammation, mucus production, bronchial constriction, coughing and wheezing. Tissue damage can be the final extreme outcome.

Anaphylactic shock is the worse case scenario—a massive attack on the skin, and respiratory, gastrointestinal and cardiovascular systems. It can be marked by swelling, laboured breathing, circulatory collapse, and sudden death. While food is the most common cause, it can be brought on by insect stings, medicine, latex, even exercise. It is usually diagnosed in childhood, but can develop in adults, too. Its impact isn't always sudden, as Bridget Wadden's experience illustrates. Among those at risk for anaphylactic shock, about one in five (like Bridget) have attacks that occur in two phases: one relatively mild, the second life-threatening, anywhere between one and eight hours after the first. According to Anaphylaxis Canada, one to two per cent of Canadians live with the prospect of keeling over without warning due to anaphylactic shock. More than 50 per cent of the population knows someone at risk.

In some cases, people grow out of their allergies. In others, it only gets worse. Children with an allergy to either milk or eggs have been shown to sometimes lose their sensitivity to the offending substance over time. That's usually not the case with nuts and seafood, though the thinking here is still evolving.

Our best educated guess at why we get allergies in the first place is known as the hygiene hypothesis. It's widely credited to British epidemiologist David Strachan, who in the *British Medical Journal* in 1989 suggested that clean living isn't necessarily good for us. By depriving our immune system of key infections caused by viruses, bacteria and parasites, we fail to develop the necessary tolerance for ordinarily tame foreign particles. In short, the immune system—undecused and spoiling for a fight—goes ballistic when finally given the opportunity, no matter how slight the opponent.

Denburg at AllerGen suggests credit for the hypothesis should properly go to University of Saskatchewan professor Dr. John Gerrard, who planted the germ of the theory in research he published in the *Annals of Allergy* in 1976. Gerrard studied IgE antibody levels in the blood of whites and Metis in Saskatchewan and suggested that a higher incidence of allergies among Caucasians was "the price paid by some members of the white community for their relative freedom from diseases due to viruses, bacteria, and [parasitic worms]."

Support for the hygiene hypothesis comes from several quarters. Poor people living in developing countries, where a viper's nest of infectious diseases still afflicts the population, exhibit a markedly lower inclination toward developing allergies. This holds true even for impoverished communities within polluted urban centres. Supporting evidence comes from a German study of Bavarian farmers, whose stables typically adjoin the farmhouse, says Denburg. It turns out that the children of those who made a living off the land had fewer allergies than did Bavarians who did not farm.

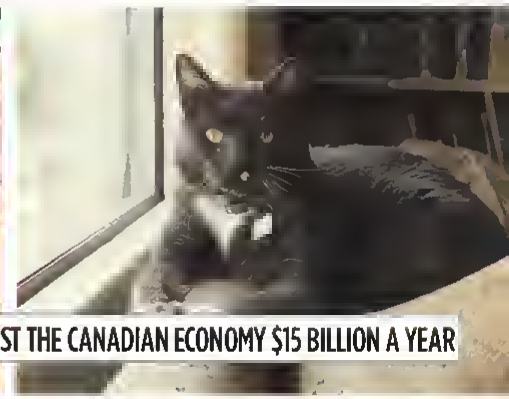
Dirt, in other words, may be good for you. In a similar vein, having a dog in the home from the first day a child arrives has been linked in some studies to a reduced risk of allergy. Multiple siblings who bounce childhood infections off each other also help, as does eating good bacteria known as probiotics, found in, for example, yogourt with live bacterial cultures. Breastfeeding remains controversial, Denburg says. Some research has shown it does not protect against allergies, as has been suggested.

There appears to be such a thing as good dirt and bad dirt. Research indicates that persistent exposure to particulate matter due to automobile exhaust in urban settings increases the risks of developing allergies and exacerbates asthma. Japan is a classic example of industrializanon's downside. In the 1930s, hay fever hadn't yet been recognized as a condition in Japan, notes Jackson, the author of *Allergy*. However, by the 1960s and '70s, 15 per cent of Japanese schoolchildren were showing signs of hay fever. "So, in the space of a very short period of time, during which Japan underwent rapid industrialization," Jackson says, "the incidence of hay fever skyrocketed."

Other studies suggest that exposure to antibiotics may be to blame. The timelines certainly dovetail: over the past 40 years, as widespread antibiotic use has climbed exponentially, so, too, have allergy rates. But it's more than just guilt by association. In findings presented to the European Respiratory Society in Vienna in 2003, researchers noted that, in a study of 448 children, infants prescribed antibiotics within the first six months of their lives ran 2.5 times the risk of developing asthma as infants who didn't take antibiotics.

A year later, at a meeting of the American Society for Microbiology, scientists attempted to explain why this might be the case. Their study of mice treated with antibiotics provided a possible explanation for the rising incidence in asthma and allergies. They noted that antibiotics cause changes to the microbe population in the gastrointestinal tract that may be linked to how the immune system responds to commonly inhaled allergens.





ALLERGIC DISEASES COST THE CANADIAN ECONOMY $15 BILLION A YEAR

PEANUTS are among the nine 'priority food allergens' manufacturers are required to name, pet dander is a trigger for many

"We all have a unique microbial fingerprint—a specific mix of bacteria and fungi living in our stomach and intestines," Gary Huffnagle, one of the authors, and an associate professor of microbiology and immunology at the University of Michigan, said at the time. "Antibiotics knock out bacteria in the gut, allowing fungi to take over temporarily until the bacteria grow back after the antibiotics are stopped. Our research indicates that altering intestinal microflora this way can lead to changes in the entire immune system, which may produce symptoms elsewhere in the body."

In essence, with the gut's bacteria decimated by antibiotics, fungi are free to grow and secrete oxylipins, a common group of chemicals found in mammals, some of which are key to modulating the immune response. The fungal oxylipins block production of the immune system's T cells that would normally handle swallowed allergens. Their absence in the gastrointestinal tract leads to a hyperactivity of T cells in the lungs in the presence of, for example, ordinary pollen or some other allergen. In other words, a single action may set off a domino effect with lasting influence.



BRIDGET, with her friend Emma. 'You don't have the same options,' her mother says

DIRT IS GOOD—BAVARIAN FARMERS LIVING NEXT TO THEIR HORSES WERE MUCH HEALTHIER

Whatever the cause, it doesn't much matter to Tony D'Agnone, who is allergic to his work. Actually, it makes the 58-year-old Alberta farmer deathly ill. It wasn't always that way. Thirty years ago, hauling grain caused only minor respiratory discomfort, similar to what D'Agnone experienced as a boy with hay fever. But it's a dirty job, and over the years D'Agnone's health worsened. To load his truck, he'd shovel the grain into an auger, which spewed swirling clouds of grain dust into the stagnant air inside the cramped storage bin on his farm in Skiff, about 100 km southeast of Lethbridge. By the time the mid-'90s rolled around, a day's hauling would leave the father of three shaking all over, arms aching. He could barely eat supper, and was routinely popping Tylenols and antihistamines. He was getting desperate. "Either I'd have to change my occupation," D'Agnone recalls thinking, "or else I'd have to get my grain custom-hauled, and there's hardly any money in agriculture as it is."

While growing up on a farm typically seems to lessen the odds of developing allergies, it is no guarantee, as D'Agnone's case shows. Through an acquaintance, his wife learned about a possible lifeline. The Kasco dust helmet looks like something a motorcyclist would wear, only with two large filtered ports above and behind each ear. It features two small whirring motors powered by 12-volt rechargeable batteries. The helmet seemed to be just the thing, but the D'Agnones balked at the $1,100 price tag. Then, in 2002, the harvest was wet, and there was a lot of mould in the grain. The job of hauling was never worse. "I got so sick, I almost had to be hospitalized—it knocked me down for three days," D'Agnone recalls. "That's when we broke down and bought the helmet—it was a lifesaver."

But walking around with a crash helmet on isn't an option, or necessary, for most people for whom medical relief comes from the seasonal march to the drugstore. Last year, pharmacies and hospitals stocked their shelves to the tune of $105 million in over-the-counter medicines (the Reactines and Claritins of the world) and prescription-based antihistamines—up 15 per cent over 2001, says IMS Health. Not surprisingly, the lucrative trade continues to attract new entrants, including Nasaleze, an ironic twist on pollen-allergy relief that is formulated from cellulose found in plant stems. A fine powder spray, Nasaleze has no pharmacological activity, and simply coats the nasal passage, forming a sticky trap for pollen, says Peter Josling, a spokesman for the company. Instead of battling the symptoms with the likes of antihistamines, Nasaleze is said to stop the offending allergen from entering the lungs in the first place. A handful of small trials suggests it works in helping to filter the 20 billion particles many of us breath in daily. "This is the only white powder," Josling jokes, "that you can legitimately put up your nose."



HIS SPECIAL HELMET was 'a lifesaver,' D'Agnone now says

More powerful prescription medications for severe asthma sufferers include drugs like Xolair. First sold in the U.S. in 2003, Xolair saw its sales last year go up 71 per cent, hitting US$321 million. Some analysts expect demand to soon push annual sales as high as US$1 billion. The injectable drug, which was approved for use in Canada a little over a year ago, works like a sponge, mopping up the body's IgE mess. About 50,000 patients are on Xolair in North America, says Jason Jacobs, a spokesman for Novartis Pharmaceuticals Canada. But at $600 a vial, it's not cheap. Depending on the patient's weight and the amount of IgE in the body, a year of treatment can run anywhere from $7,000 to $43,000. On the other hand, says Jacobs, "It significantly reduces severe attacks and hospitalizations in the toughest to treat patients."

Research now under way at AllerGen is looking to push the boundaries of allergy treatments. Scientists, armed with an increasingly intimate knowledge of how our immune system functions, are chopping up various allergens into their tiniest molecular components. The goal is to introduce these fragments into allergic individuals so that, unlike traditional allergy shots, they actually pull the plug on the allergic reaction itself. "We now have a lot more knowledge about the genetics and the molecular biology of the immune system to switch these things off," Denburg says.

AllerGen has also corralled an impressive pack of immunologists, epidemiologists, asthma specialists, geneticists and others to collect data from what its researchers are calling the "birth cohort"—a group of 10,000 families that they hope will be involved in the largest study of its kind in the world. The goal is to observe pregnant women soon after they conceive and then follow their children for as long as possible, perhaps into adulthood, if funding allows. They can then examine as many aspects of the families' environments as possible to determine why, and in what circumstances, people may develop allergies.

Food allergy sufferers show some of the most extreme symptoms, which necessitates meticulous attention to proper food labelling. Canada has nine so-called "priority food allergens" that manufacturers are required to name. This list covers the usual suspects—peanuts, tree nuts (meaning almost all other nuts, such as almonds, pistachios and walnuts), wheat, milk, eggs and fish (which includes crustaceans, such as crab, as well as shellfish)—but also some more unusual ones: soy, sesame seeds, and sulphites, which are used as preservatives.

As well-intentioned efforts to sanitize the world spread, we do a lot of good, but they may result in unintended consequences as well. Denburg, for instance, cites the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, which has done much needed humanitarian work in developing nations to combat infectious diseases. Since its inception, the foundation has dedicated US$1.4 billion toward the cause. But the Catch-22 is that by cleaning up the developing world's environment—much as we have done in the Western world—we may in fact be exporting our predisposition for allergies and asthma. No one is suggesting the aid stop, but the answer may require the medical community to think more strategically about how to go about easing the burden of disease. "What I really think we need to do," Denburg says, "is not have blockbuster programs to eradicate everything and then say that that's great."

As the world of science grapples with the maddening complexities, individuals and their families wrenched by severe allergies are forced to find ways to cope without the everyday things in life so many of us take for granted: finding suitable daycare, a school that meets with our standards, and a normal social life for our kids. Parpart says a dozen daycare centres have turned down Bridget. "No one wants to be in charge of a child who could die if they feed her the wrong thing."

There are days Parpart has never felt better. "Other days, you might as well put me on Wellbutrin," she says. "You just get depressed because you realize you don't have the same options that other parents have." It hasn't been easy getting friends and family to fully understand just how bad it can get for Bridget, and just how little it takes to push her over the edge. A trace of milk here, a bit of peanut butter there. "It clarifies who your friends are. You learn who you can trust," Parpart says. "You figure out who's detail-oriented enough to cook for you and your child, and you make that your new family." And you hold on to your trustworthy friends—and your children—"like they mean everything to you." Which, of course, they do. M

With Cathy Gulli and Nicholas Köhler

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRISTOPHER WAHL

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW TOLSON/MACLEAN'S

TONICS

IT'S NOT JUST A BABY, IT'S A FREE WEIGHT

Powerpramming, a post-natal exercise program has new mothers not just bonding with their infants but using them as exercise props. Created by British exercise instructor Liz Stuart, it entails mothers speed-walking with babies in prams, and doing chest presses and even bicep curls with their tots as dumbbells. 'Older babies find powerpramming fascinating and hilarious," Stuart says. "Younger ones find the movement makes them sleepy."

How Americans stiff our hospitals

It's not just them, but unpaid bills are costing our system millions



THE HORN brothers Over $76,000 in bills

BY JANICE PASKEY • They said they were feral, but only their unpaid health bills were ferocious Almost three years ago, Kyle and Roen Horn appeared, emaciated and claiming to have been raised in the B C bush The teenage boys were treated at Vernon's Jubilee Hospital at a cost of $68,000, plus an additional $8,000 for an air ambulance, and thousands more for doctors' bills The story was a hoax they were middle-class kids from Rose Hill, Calif , but the medical bills were real enough "It irritates me to no end," says Chris Mazurkewich, chief financial officer of B C 's Interior Health Authority "Our staff went out of their way to treat these people There were no thank yous from the family; then they stiff us on the financial end "

It's the same across the country Millions of dollars in unpaid bills—money that could go to hire doctors or buy equipment—is instead being written off In some cases, the bills are run up by illegal immigrants who can't pay, but aren't turned away A lot of the time, though, they're a result of out-of-country patients who either aren't insured, or skip out and can't be found Sometimes the insurance company in their home country challenges the bill, or tries to negotiate, and health officials here decide it's not worth the time and expense

Karen Ashbee, who does the billings for her husband, Paul Salo, a Calgary spinal surgeon, describes the frustration "I had one American say to me, 'Isn't health care free in Canada?' " she recalls " 'Yes,' I replied, 'for Canadians.' " In the Horns' case, the parents collected money from their insurer, Kaiser Permanente, then declared bankruptcy and refused to pay the Interior Health Authority more than a few hundred dollars

B C 's Mazurkewich plans for $1 million in write-offs every year for bills incurred at his 30 hospitals, mainly by out-of-country patients He calls it "a contribution to tourism." In Montreal, Stephane Beaudry, director of financial resources for the McGill University Health Centre, which represents five hospitals, says he has $8 million in bills from uninsured patients in 2005, of which $3 million were written off "It's very, very difficult to collect Our biggest difficulty is tracking the patient People know they can get away without paying Unfortunately, when you have a free system like this, you're always going to have this "

In Toronto, the University Health Network oversees three hospitals and is well used to patients appearing without a billing number Billings for non-residents and uninsured residents were $6 7 million in 2005-2006 Of that, the network considered $1 5 million uncollectable. "We're in a major referral centre with 150,000 illegal residents," says Kevin Empey, executive vice-president of clinical support and corporate services "We do a complete assessment We sit down with the family We're not going to ask a person to pay a $20,000 bill if they make $10,000 a year We are ethically bound to provide care "

'I HAD ONE AMERICAN SAY TO ME, "ISN'T HEALTH CARE FREE IN CANADA?" '



Typically, out-of-country patients seek emergency treatment, and there are two sets of bills—one for the hospitals and another for the physicians who usually bill patients separately In Calgary, Patti Sullivan bills for a group of neurosurgeons and medical fellows who take emergency calls "Let's say someone comes in with a traumatic spine injury," she says "Whomever is on spine call will determine what has to be done If the patient is unstable, the doctor is not going to walk away, but it's a 50-50 crapshoot whether he's going to paid " While the Calgary Health Region tries to collect with a credit card machine for hospital bills before a patient leaves, Sullivan is often dealing with the final docket after the patient has left the country "That's where the fun starts," she says,

It's often no easier when insurance companies are involved, particularly when the bills are high This spring, Sullivan was pursuing six out-of country billings from patients from the U S , Australia, Germany, Brazil and the former Yugoslavia She says companies often stall, continually asking for more information Some simply try to low ball For one Australian's $60,000 bill, the insurer offered $25,000 with no explanation "I told them to stuff it," Sullivan says A lawyer has been hired Anything $2,000 and under, Sullivan says, is usually paid without a quibble. "Anything over $10,000, such as with a complex spine case, they [the insurance companies] are not very happy and will try to negotiate," she says

In Toronto, the University Health Network has long experience dealing with out-of country insurers "There is one big insurance company that argues [the patient had] pre-existing conditions, even if it's a genuine accident and the person is arriving at emergency," says Empey, who won't name the company The network simply refuses to deal with one large U S insurance company, demanding patients pay up front. Some health authorities refer debts for out-of country patients to international collection agencies, with mixed results

In Kelowna, meanwhile, Chris Mazurkewich continues to fume about the cavalier attitude of the Horn boys "I prefer that we're much more humane—I do believe our first obligation is to help someone Even knowing what we know, we would still treat them That's the right and proper thing to do But they didn't say thank you The police drove them to the air ambulance, and they didn't even wave goodbye." M

GETTY IMAGES

STILL 'CRAZY' AFTER ALL THESE YEARS

A psychiatrist argues there's no biological basis for mental illness

BY BRIAN BETHUNE • Dr Gordon Warme is 73, a distinguished psychiatrist who taught at the University of Toronto for three decades, and the proud new owner of a pionus parrot from South America, a genus known for its subtle coloration and relatively quiet voice He's also a heretic—a psychiatrist and psychoanalyst who maintains, in a polite and muted fashion, that there isn't a scrap of evidence that mental illnesses are caused by any biological dysfunction Warme argues in *Daggers of the Mind*, a humane apologia for his profession, that science, and drug-obsessed psychiatrists, are charging down the wrong track, misleading patients and forgetting that "most, if not all, of the effects of psychiatry are magical "

"Psychiatrists committed to biological explanations," Warme says in an interview, "will show me brain scans and point out tiny abnormalities in a high percentage of the brains of schizophrenia patients—but the same range of imperfections will show up in healthy people's brains If I push them and say, 'Show me evidence,' they'll finally say 'You're right,' but they don't want to talk about it If you want to get ahead in our profession you have to write papers that promote this nonsense And that's morally wrong. To tell our patients—without any evidence—that they have abnormal brain chemistry is just as crazy as some guy over there shuffling, grunting and staring into space "

This is heresy indeed, in an era in which the biological roots of virtually every unhappiness is an article of faith among experts and lay people alike The sharp point of Warme's spear is aimed straight at schizophrenia—the mental disorder most adamantly portrayed as an organic disease by those who treat it, and by the families of those who suffer it. Any textbook, any website devoted to the condition, opens with a confident statement of fact—Warme would call it superstition schizophrenia is a brain disease Only further in will the reader find what Warme points to as telltale signs of pseudo-science—researchers "do not yet understand all of the factors," or "it appears likely that "

Warme argues that psychiatrists have forgotten that illness is a *metaphor* for what they are observing—a very useful metaphor, Warme agrees The disease concept "removes the urge to fear or hate, the judgmental element " But it adds a declaration of biological abnormality—read biological inferiority, according to Warme, who considers the label an affront to the autonomy and human dignity of his patients



WHAT psychiatrists do is a lot like what shamans do—a kind of magic

What, then, does a skeptical and infinitely curious headshrinker, a mental health professional who tosses around words like "crazy" and "mad" in exactly the same way as regular folks do, make of schizophrenia and other mental disorders? It's worth bearing in mind that heresy, too, is only a metaphor, for Warme offers no counter church with an absolute truth of its own "Madness," he says slowly, "is another way of life, another way of being human Schizophrenia is stable across time and place, its roots are archetypical—every culture provides its members with a blueprint on *how* to be mad "

The suffering is real, and so is the help experts provide But what psychiatrists actually do is not far removed from the rituals of a Mayan shaman waving a chicken over a troubled patient Even drugs, which have a success rate barely distinguishable from that achieved by sugar pills, function entirely through the placebo effect, what Warme calls the enchantment or magic of his profession "That's where I really get into trouble," he says, "when I say all psychotherapy is a placebo, when I tell my closest associates that for all the good we can do through wise talk and encouragement, we do not cure our patients, because they never had a disease."

What do his own patients think? "For 20 years I've seen people who came to me saying they were depressed. After 10 minutes they never say the word again, even if I see them for five years It's clear to me that 'depression' is a magic entry phrase to one of the wise men " And unhappy people have even more practical reasons for claiming depression "Does medicare pay for you to go to a doctor to say 'I'm not getting along with my husband'?" Warme asks sardonically

Human suffering is eternal, Warme believes—there will never be a biological, drug-based fine tuning that will end it Warme has no objection to any relief that can be offered without serious side effects, from drugs to electroshock to sacrificed chickens But as a rational humanist skeptic, what he really believes in is the aesthetic cure "In films, books and operas, we discover human nature writ large, with complexities, blemishes and perversities included Like psychiatrists, art invites you to wrestle with ghosts I listen to my patients and they tell me the same archetypical stories I read in Homer " His job, Warme figures, is to convince patients to become more conscious creators of their own selves, "to look over the way they have lived their lives, to tell them that the story you have lived up to now—you might benefit from a different story" M

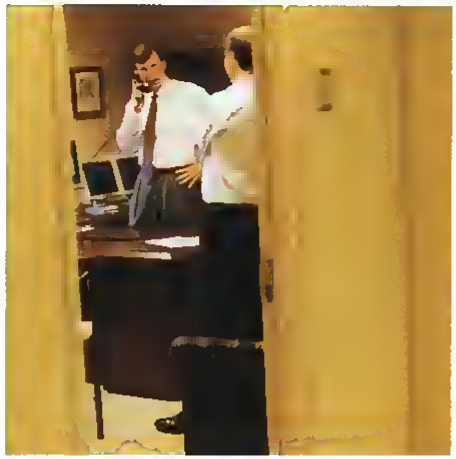
WAY OUT THERE

MAKING IT SO MUCH EASIER TO CROSS THE ROAD

Scientists at the University of Florida have given eyesight to a type of Rhode Island Red chicken normally born blind. A sight gene was injected into an egg through the shell, using a fine glass needle Once hatched, most of the chickens displayed near-normal vision, responding to colour and light Researchers hope this will lead to a cure for childhood blindness, which can occur because of a genetic disease similar to the chicken defect.

Hey, boss, your pants are on fire

At the office, lying makes perfect sense. So, go big or go home.



EUGENE RICHARDS / MAGNUM PHOTO

BY BARBARA RIGHTON • Prospective employees take note. "In the business world, honesty is rarely the best policy." So begins a chapter called "It's just business" in a handy new book about lying written by British journalist Brian King. In *The Lying Ape: An Honest Guide to a World of Deception* (Penguin), King explores mendacity in all its forms, including but not confined to such usual suspects as Martha Stewart, *New York Times* reporter Jayson Blair and the Enron crew, as well as used car salesmen, politicians, and real estate agents. More surprising than the liars we know and love to hate, says King, is the fact that each of us lies an average of six times a day, from real whoppers to slight obfuscations, omissions, false compliments and exaggerations. And if we didn't, argues King, our lives would be unbearable.

Lying is so important, says King, that the poor unfortunates who never learn to do it will almost certainly be lonely—imagine saying, "Yes, dear, that dress *does* make you look fat"—and have a poor career trajectory. Quoting from the *Harvard Business Review*, King says dishonesty in the workplace (sometimes called "bluffing," "misspeaking," or "thinking outside the box") is endemic "at all levels." Furthermore, it is "permitted under the rules" of commerce. "You have to sell yourself to get your first job. After that you have to take credit for other people's work to get promoted," King says in an interview. "Lying enhances your potential, although people would deny that."

"Do you ever get the feeling your co-worker's pants are on fire?" *Careerbuilder.com*, the biggest online job site in the U.S., asked this question in a survey of more than 2,000 government, sales, health care and finance workers earlier this year. The answers were eye-opening. Nineteen per cent admitted they fibbed at work at least once a week. Twenty-six per cent said it was to appease a customer; 13 per cent to cover up a mistake or missed deadline, eight per cent to excuse being late or absent, and five per cent said it was to look better in front of a supervisor or get another employee in trouble. Spokespeople Jennifer Sullivan in Chicago and Remy Piazza in Toronto (*Careerbuilder.ca* started up in March) were happy to talk about lying in business. They agree with author King that lying, usually, is bad. But sometimes, they say, it is tacitly, and tactfully, expected.

IN A SURVEY, PEOPLE SAID THEY LIED TO GET ANOTHER EMPLOYEE IN TROUBLE. NOW THAT'S CALLOUS.

The Canadian and U.S. websites post a combined total of more than one million jobs, so Sullivan and Piazza know something about reading resumes—and people. Lying, they say, sometimes makes sense. If a certain business encourages what Piazza calls "risk taking," it may not accept failure. *Ergo*, employees lie. If workers feel repercussions may be career-ending, they may lie. That's not hard to understand. King says we learn to lie at about age three, largely to get ourselves out of trouble. But lying to get another person into trouble is what he might call a really callous black lie. Those lies are not unusual, says Sullivan. "Animosity could be driving people to lie about each other. You do see some backstabbing in business, unfortunately." Lying, adds Piazza, will be with us, "As long as there is a corporate ladder to climb."

On the bright side, King thinks lying sometimes livens up the workplace. People who exaggerate, for example, tend to tell more colourful stories. "Some of the most interesting people in the world have a loose connection with reality," he says. "But that doesn't really do any harm." Literature and comedy are deceptions, he says, but that's entertainment. Furthermore, if people at the office actually told one another what they really thought, the environment would be fractious, or maybe really tedious. Even the normal morning greeting, "How are you?" is never meant to be truthfully answered. "Fine" is much less disruptive to cubicle mates than, "Bilious, thank you" or, "My back is acting up and my neck has a kink and I didn't sleep well and the traffic was horrible all the way from Surrey."

Because people tend to be ambitious, they want to represent themselves as "better, bigger, faster, more clever than anybody else," King says, "and that's because we are under pressure to produce from a really young age." Blame society. "I am endlessly shocked," King continues, "when I discover a car salesman is lying, but then again how far would any salesman get who didn't lie?"

Of course there are balances and checks on the job. Managers learn to sniff out deceitful behaviour, Piazza says. And if employees steal or cheat or are caught telling black lies, surely they will be fired. Not necessarily, says King. "We have a phenomenal capacity to want to believe—and it depends on how valuable they are." M



INDIA: THEY NEVER MAKE EMBARRASSING TOASTS

The Best Guests Centre in Jodhpur, India, rents guests to families looking to boost wedding attendence. The hired guests, who come dressed traditionally or in Western clothing according to customer request, are briefed on family history, proper etiquette, and then dance and socialize with the non-hired invitees. The company says that the "lack of affection among relatives creates demand for paid guests." Maybe you can buy love.



THE REAL SOOK SHOCKER

Graphic on-screen sex? Who cares? She wore nude pantyhose!!!!!!



WHEN IT CAME TO SHOOTING THE BIG O, LEE INSISTED ON MAKING IT REAL

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON • SookYin Lee turned down the diamonds and the dress. For her red-carpet premiere at the recent Cannes Film Festival, sponsors had asked her to wear a Versace gown and a fortune in gems. "They take you to a secret room," recalls Lee, "where diamonds are being thrown around like baubles, and they give you a bodyguard if you wear them." But Lee wanted no part of it. It was not her style. Besides, she was attracting enough attention as it was. Canada had no feature films competing in Cannes this year. But the woman known back home as the whimsical host of CBC Radio's *Definitely Not the Opera*—and a former MuchMusic VJ—created a sensation with her starring role in the taboo-busting American movie *Shortbus*. Cast as Sofia, a woman in search of her first orgasm, Lee performs graphic, non-simulated intercourse onscreen. She also spends much of the movie masturbating in a wild variety of scenarios—finally achieving the (unfaked) orgasm that serves as the story's cosmic climax.

Controversy first erupted in 2003 when the CBC tried to prevent Lee from taking the role if she wanted to keep her day job on the radio. The network relented under pressure, after the likes of Yoko Ono, Francis Ford Coppola and REM's Michael Stipe rallied to her support. Now the CBC may wonder just what it agreed to. No one was prepared for just how graphic *Shortbus* would be. It offers the most kaleidoscopic carnival of hard-core action ever seen in a film not meant as pornography. It includes an oral feat of autoerotic yoga, a three-way pretzel of gay sex that has a guy belting the *Star Spangled Banner* into another guy's butt, and a scene of semen landing on what looks like a Jackson Pollock—a literal commingling of art and porn.

But what's most shocking about *Shortbus* is that so much sex is shown without a soupçon of exploitation. Written and directed by John Cameron Mitchell (*Hedwig and the Angry Inch*), the movie doesn't even aim to arouse. It's more like a comic pop confection, a satire with a soft centre of peace, love and understanding—as one character puts it, "like the sixties with less hope." And as a post-9/11 gauntlet thrown down against fear and American puritanism, it's a minor landmark.

The movie, and Lee, were warmly embraced in Cannes. At the midnight premiere, a crowd of 2,300 offered a prolonged standing ovation. Legitimate North American distributors fought over the right to distribute the film, despite the headaches it will pose with U.S. censors. And Lee was being hailed as a delightful new talent. *Screen International*, a trade publication, called her "a real revelation" and praised her "deft comic timing" and "gritty emotional intensity."

THE DAY AFTER the premiere, Lee sits at a beachfront table at the American Pavilion, still reeling from the attention. She's wearing an aqua cotton dress, and around her throat is a frayed thread of blue rope, which she'd worn to the premiere instead of the diamonds. "I found it in the fish market in Senegal," she says. "It was used to tie up a fish." As for the dress, she's not used to wearing one. "I didn't realize that nude pantyhose have gone the way of the dinosaur, and there I was in nude pantyhose yesterday, and somebody said, 'People haven't been wearing nude pantyhose for years, Sook-Yin.' This is a liberation, I'm happy to hear about it."

When Lee first hit the CBC airwaves in 2002, drafted in the drive to reach a younger demographic, some older listeners felt Peter Gzowski would be spinning in his grave. It's true she can sound like a space cadet, or a 12-year-old. But there's a sense of level-headed resilience behind the childlike whimsy—and a fierce independence born of necessity.

The second-oldest of four sisters, Lee grew up in a strict Roman Catholic Chinese Canadian family—culturally isolated in a white suburb of Vancouver. Her father, an engineer, was from Hong Kong. Her mother, who came from mainland China, was a borderline paranoid schizophrenic who spent her own adolescence in and out of mental institutions, brutalized by shock therapy. When Lee was 15, her family was shattered by the bitter breakup of her parents' marriage. She dropped out of school, left home, shaved her head, formed an art rock band, and has been playing with multimedia ever since.

Lee's big break came in 1995 when she was discovered by Citytv founder Moses Znaimer. She'd made a video with music and skits that involved a wig and some squirt guns. "A friend of mine sent me her tape," says Znaimer, "and within minutes it was clear that she was fearless. She would do anything, and go anywhere, to make her artistic point." Thrown in front of the cameras, Lee learned on the job, and spent six years at MuchMusic as a host and VJ. Since then she's recorded three albums, appeared in episodic TV, acted in a few small movies—and has now written a feature film that she plans to direct.

But with *Shortbus*, Lee has taken a plunge that she knows will carry heavy repercussions, professional and personal. "I only started speaking with my mum again after being excommunicated for a number of years. I don't want to drop this bomb on her just yet. She just knows I'm in the south of France—on business. My dad knows I'm in a movie, and he's excited about it. But I don't want him to see it. I don't want my dad to be watching me have an orgasm."

Lee had appeared in Mitchell's cult hit *Hedwig and the Angry Inch*. But he was surprised she wanted to risk the *Shortbus* role. "Even though her work pushes the envelope," he says, "she's in some ways a conservative, reserved person. She's like me. I was brought up very Catholic, and that's why I made this film. You know what they say about Catholic girls."

The cast worked on the movie for over two years, developing the script out of improvisations. "We'd roll around in the nude in rehearsals, but we didn't want to consummate it until the actual day," Lee recalls. "I remember arriving on the set. I was scared stiff. I had a good talking to myself. 'You signed on to this. Don't be a whiner. Just throw yourself into it with disregard to who's watching.'"

As Sofia, Lee portrays a frustrated relationship counsellor who persuades her husband, Rob (Rafael Barker) that they should blow open their marriage by joining an underground salon in Brooklyn that revels in polyamory. The opening sequence features them engaged in an energetic bout of intercourse. "I wore a female condom," she explains. "They wanted to make sure it was safe sex, and it would look weird if my husband was wearing a condom. I didn't even know there *was* a female condom. Female condoms are huge. They're these massive amounts of rubber. It was like being under the Big Top. Or the Big Top was inside of me."

Sofia's orgasm quest becomes a comedy of errors, with cute gimmicks that range from a sensory deprivation tank to a remote-controlled vibrating egg. But when it came time to shoot the Big O, Lee insisted on making it real. "I would be a terrible fake orgasm person," she says. "I asked for a locked-off shot, of just my head. I asked everybody to leave the room. It didn't take too long." And yes, batteries were required.

What Lee found most "nerve-wracking" about it all is that she had a boyfriend at the time, a cinematographer. But she was more anxious about it than he was. "He said, 'Go make some good art.' I'm not with him anymore. I was dumped the same week my cat died."

When Lee talks about her life, she seems blithely detached from it. She admits, "I often look at my life as if I'm a guinea pig in my own science project." Her career, too, resembles an uncontrolled experiment. But for someone with little evidence of showbiz ego, she has cultivated some impressive contacts, including Coppola, who's been an email pal ever since he wrote her a letter of support. "He asked for an autographed photo," she says. "It was so cute. He sent me a script of a movie he was working on and asked me for feedback. And he asked for my music."

Coppola was in Cannes as executive producer of *Marie Antoinette*, a movie directed by his daughter, Sofia. After the premiere, the Coppola clan held court at a lavish party on the beach—a homage to Versailles decadence with towers of prawns sculpted like topiary shrubs, quails with their claws on, endless champagne and fireworks worthy of *Apocalypse Now*. When asked about Lee, Francis Coppola said, "I know her mostly through her music. She's a wonderful singer." He seemed hesitant to weigh in with a review of her performance in *Shortbus*, but said the movie "was very sweet for what it was."

Lee had declined to attend the *Marie Antoinette* bash. She wanted to hang with her *Shortbus* crew at the "Queer Lounge" party just down the beach, an informal crush with a cash bar. The next morning I asked her to send me some of her music. She didn't have any on hand, but offered to drop by my hotel and sing some a cappella. With the businesslike aplomb of someone who has spent her life auditioning—and without a trace of flirtation—she sang into the bathroom doorway, asking me not to watch. Coppola was right. Lee has an enchanting voice. She sang two of her own songs, something haunting in Japanese and a bluesy ballad in English. Then she ran off to be interviewed by *Entertainment Tonight*. M

ON THE WEB *For more from Cannes, visit* www.macleans.ca/cannes





'FEMALE CONDOMS ARE HUGE. IT WAS LIKE BEING UNDER THE BIG TOP.'

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE PIMENTEL (TOP); KIRSTY WIGGLESWORTH/AP

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE PIMENTEL

LEE AT CANNES With Michael Stipe (top) and *Shortbus* co-star Lindsay Beamish

DAY IN THE SUN

TEAMSTER OR CUPCAKE? A BAKERY CASHES IN.

The otherwise obscure Milford Baking Co. in Oakland County, Mich., gained notoriety last week for selling "Jimmy Hoffa cupcakes." The treats feature a green plastic hand emerging from chocolate-sprinkle "dirt," alluding to an ongoing FBI investigation nearby in which agents resumed looking for the remains of the union boss, who disappeared three decades ago. One agent dropped in to buy three dozen muffins for his colleagues digging for Hoffa.

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the magazine

UPSET IN THE MAKING

IS THE WORLD CUP BECOMING A SECOND-RATE TOURNAMENT?

PLUS: The teams, players and matches ta watch...
Cauerage starts an page S6

INSIDE:
Oiler fever, hat Jays bats, CFL rehab, Barry Bonds, ugly athletes, and the NHL's new heavy hitters

ROGERS sportsnet

Brazilian phenom Ronaldinho

LOOK WHAT SCREAMED ITS WAY TO THE TOP.



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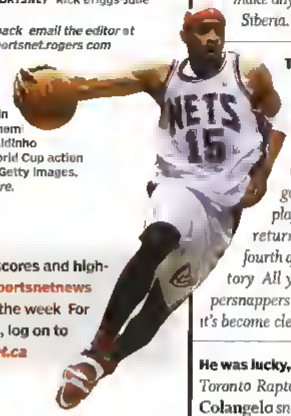
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ON THE COVER
After helping Barcelona to titles in both La Liga and Champions League, Ronaldinho leads Brazil into World Cup action. Photo by Phil Cole/Getty Images. *See page 56 for more.*



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ROGERS

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The armchair referee

Calling 'em like we see 'em



Gross misconduct: *When* Mats Sundin *put his Toronto home up for sale, raising doubts about his future with the Maple Leafs, the* Toronto Star *decided to stalk him in Sweden, visiting his home, cottage and other haunts. It's enough to make anyone want to play in Atlanta. Or Siberia. Anywhere but Toronto.*

Two minutes for elbowing: *New Jersey swingman* Vince Carter, *playing like an East Coast Hockey League veteran, felled Miami's* Dwayne Wade *with an elbow to the chin in game three of the Nets' five-game playoff series loss to the Heat. Wade returned to drain 15 points in the fourth quarter of the Heat's 103-92 victory. All year, in matchups with whip persnappers like Wade and LeBron James, it's become clear that Carter's losing a step.*

He was lucky, now he's gotta be good: *New Toronto Raptors president and GM* Bryan Colangelo *snagged the top pick in the NBA's draft lottery, even though he had only a nine per cent chance of winning it. Bully for him, but now the pressure really starts. This year's draft lacks an obvious star, so it'll come down to how well the Raptors' scouts assess the talent pool. They've got less than a month: the draft takes place on June 28.*

Blue flag! Blue flag! *That's what they wave to tell a slow vehicle to clear the way, and they may be waving it often for* Jacques Villeneuve. *It's been nearly 10 years since he was any kind of force in Formula 1 racing. Now that the former playboy is engaged to his current girlfriend, Johanna Martinez, expect him to settle down even more — and to fare poorly, as he always does, at June's Grand Prix du Canada in Montreal.*

Can a whole league be sent to rehab? *The CFL's Blue Bombers sign* Onterrio Smith *(right), the Alouettes bring in* Quincy Carter, *the Argos flirt with* Ricky Williams *— all three former violators of the NFL's substance abuse policy. They're far from the only ones. We're all for second chances, but the bigger picture — let's create a football league full of misfits and drug abusers in a dark hinterland, and see who survives — sounds like a reality TV concept.*



PHOTOS (IN ORDER, FROM LEFT): REUTERS/TIM SHAFFER; PATRIK STOLLARZ/AFP/GETTY IMAGES; REUTERS/ALLEN FREDRICKSON; JED JACOBSOHN/GETTY IMAGES; LISA BLUMENFELD/GETTY IMAGES; REUTERS/MIKE BLAKE; AND CORBIS/GETTY IMAGES

WORST IN SHOW

We think of pro athletes as ideal physical specimens, but some of the best have faces — whether naturally bestowed or battle-scarred — only teammates could love

YIKES!



GUSTAVO CHACIN
Toronto Blue Jays, MLB

TO PUT IT GENTLY... Mysterious

LOOKS AREN'T EVERYTHING 5 wins, 1 loss in first 7 starts

ODDLY ATTRACTIVE OR JUST PLAIN NOMELY? Wears cool shades and has a cologne named for him



SAM CASSELL
LA Clippers, NBA

Unusual

18.0 ppg in 12 playoff games

A staple of all-ugly teams across the Internet



RANDY JOHNSON
NY Yankees, MLB

Distinctive

4,400 career strikeouts

Ranked #2 in *Boston Phoenix*'s 100 ugliest men



RYAN SMYTH
Edmonton Oilers, NNL

Aristocratic

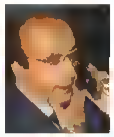
4G, 9A, -3 teeth in first 15 playoff games

"In the mirror, I see a guy who loves to pay the price it takes to win"

Figures as of May 24, 2006

The docket

Athletes afoul of the law



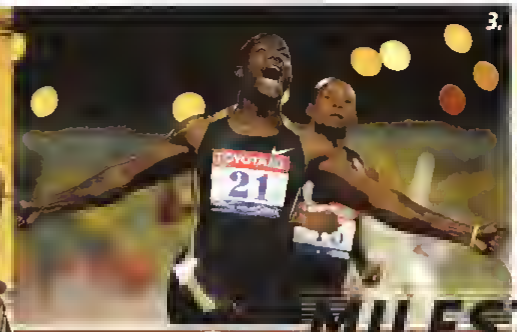
Director **Luciana Moggi** of Juventus FC —Italian football champions three years running — resigned over an ongoing criminal investigation into match-fixing which has shocked the soccer world. Taped conversations expose Moggi bullying officials to assign friendly referees to Juve's games, and telling Italy's grovelling officiating director, "I won't forget you"... ■ Tailback **Ramance Taylor** of the NCAA football champion Texas Longhorns has been charged with possession after police found five lb. of marijuana in his vehicle. Taylor, who was freed on $5,000 bail so he could attend a school exam, denies the drugs are his, in fact, he twice permitted police to search his car... ■ New York Rangers defenceman **Sandis Ozolinsh** pleaded not guilty to charges of driving while intoxicated after he was pulled over in downtown White Plains, N.Y. at 11 a.m. on May 21. The Latvian-born Ozolinsh registered a blood alcohol level of .16, double the state's legal limit... ■ Detroit Tigers DH **Omitri Young** was charged with domestic violence after allegedly choking a former girlfriend. "It's a bum deal," Young told the *Detroit Free Press*. He faces up to 93 days in jail and a $500 fine... ■ After a three-year legal battle, the British House of Lords, Britain's highest court of appeal, has ordered tennis superstar **Andre Agassi** to pay $58,280 in taxes on endorsements he received while in the U.K. The decision will likely have a domino effect, creating up to $200 million in additional tax bills for other pro athletes, including Venus Williams and Tiger Woods. SH



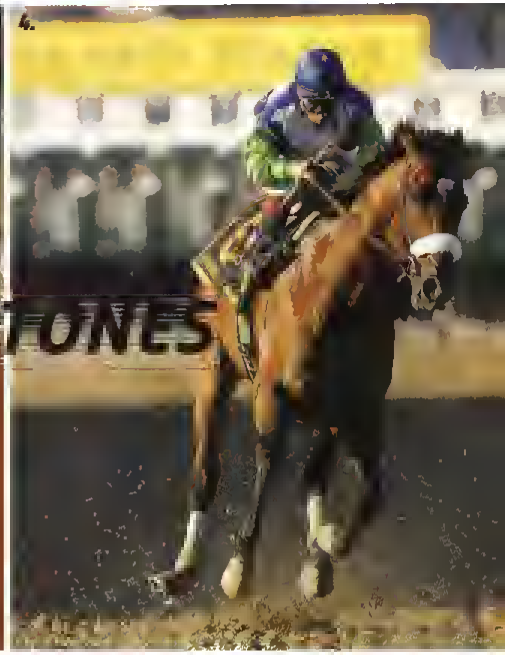












Dallas Mavericks F **Dirk Nowitzki [1]** *does his best Michael Jordan impression in the Mavs' seventh game, 119-111 overtime victory over the defending champions San Antonio Spurs. NBA fans are enjoying a stellar playoff year, with three of four conference semi finals going a full seven games. Dallas now plays the Phoenix Suns, led by Victoria, B.C.'s Steve Nash—himself a former Maverick.*

After dispatching the Detroit Red Wings and San Jose Sharks, the Edmonton Oilers—who barely squeaked into the postseason, but are now the last Canadian team standing in this year's Stanley Cup playoffs—quickly took charge of their Western Conference Final series against the Mighty Ducks of Anaheim. Edmonton has leaned heavily on the stellar play of G **Dwayne Roloson [2]** *for their success. In the Oilers' first 15 playoff games, the team had given up 517 shots on goal while registering only 407, they have managed to outshoot their opponents in only three of those games.*

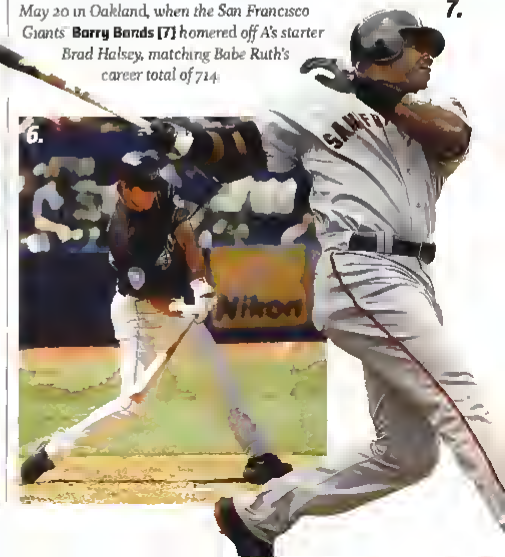


American sprinter **Justin Gatlin [3]** *24, thought he'd set a new world record in the men's 100 metres at the Qatar Grand Prix, clocking a time of 9.76 seconds. Turns out the Brooklyn native's time was actually 9.766, which, when rounded up as per official rules, tied him with Jamaica's Asafa Powell at 9.77. The two men will likely race head-to-head at the upcoming British Grand Prix on June 11.*

Hopes were high that **Barbaro [4]** *would become the first Triple Crown winner in 28 years, but perhaps his will to win was more powerful than his frame could bear. The Kentucky Derby winner pulled up just beyond the starting gate of the Preakness Stakes at Baltimare's Pimlico racetrack, with shattered bones above and below his right rear ankle. Surgeons inserted a steel plate and 23 screws in an attempt to repair injuries that, for any horse, are life-threatening.*

Spaniard **Rafael Nadal [5]**, *19, defeated Roger Federer of Switzerland to win the Italian Open in a five-set, five hour marathon that included three tiebreakers. It was Nadal's record tying 53rd win in a row on clay. The top two seeds will likely meet in the final of this week's French Open. Federer, 24, could become only the third man ever to hold all four tennis majors at once (he is the current Wimbledon, US Open and Australian Open title holder). But Nadal, reigning champion of the clay courts at Roland Garros, has already beaten Federer three times this year.*

With 13 home runs in his first 151 at-bats, Jays third baseman **Troy Glaus [6]** *was among the top five sluggers in the AL at the end of May. He's not the only one off to a good start: warm temperatures resulted in the most home runs to start the major league season since 2000. The year's most anticipated homer came on May 20 in Oakland, when the San Francisco Giants'* **Barry Bonds [7]** *homered off A's starter Brad Halsey, matching Babe Ruth's career total of 714.*



PHOTOS
THE DOCKET (FROM TOP)
GIULIO NAROLI TANO/AFP/GETTY IMAGES. RONALD MARTINEZ/GETTY IMAGES. BRUCE BENNETT/GETTY IMAGES. HARRY HOW/GETTY IMAGES
ON A ROLL
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MILESTONES
3. REUTERS/FAOI ALASSAAD. 4. MICHAEL OBYANT/PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER. 5. CLIVE BRUNSKILL/GETTY IMAGES. 6. PHOTO BY JON BEACKER/MLB PHOTOS VIA GETTY IMAGES. 7. REUTERS/EDU BELMATTEIS

Amid the anticipation of this summer's World Cup in Germany, writes one renowned British football correspondent, lingers the fear that the tournament itself could be in decline

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

BY JAMES LAWTON



Every four years soccer installs a new icon. It is sports' version of the conclave of cardinals—except that, rather than white smoke, there is a flash of lightning, and out steps a Pele or a Maradona. Four years ago, on a night of light summer rain in Yokohama's International Stadium, Ronaldo took his place among the deities, delivering Brazil their record-breaking fifth championship.

This summer in Germany, at the 18th World Cup, there are three outstanding candidates for such distinction: Ronaldinho of Brazil, Lionel Messi of Argentina, and Wayne Rooney of England. Each one of them has the capacity to conjure the finest, heart-stopping skill in the beat of the most intense action. In a statement on the physical pressures of the modern game, however, heavy doubts surround the fitness of Messi—who, in a mesmerizing performance for Barcelona, almost single-handedly destroyed Chelsea in the Champions' League earlier this year. Rooney's situation is even more severe: crisis struck the 20-year-old Manchester United star in his club's penultimate Premier League game. The nation is now holding its breath as Rooney nurses a broken metatarsal. And the injuries may be mere symptoms of larger, more daunting pressures on the global game. Some hard judges believe we are witnessing a new reality: the great tournament of nations relegated to the shadows of club play.

« LIONEL MESSI Argentina will need him to recover from a nagging thigh injury to survive the opening round



« WAYNE ROONEY He dazzled at the 2004 European Cup, but his broken foot now has all of England feeling his pain

PHOTOS (FROM LEFT): CHRIS CELIC/GETTY IMAGES; REUTERS/DARREN STAPLES; LUIS ACOSTA/AFP/GETTY IMAGES; ISSOUF SANOGO/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

African glory, cult coaches

As always, there are many thrilling and romantic prospects in anticipation of the tournament. At the top of the list is the long-heralded African ascendancy, and some believe that the Ivory Coast holds the promise of its fulfillment. In the last World Cup, Senegal shocked defending champions France on a night of drizzle and underdog delight in Seoul, but their performance could not be sustained. Maybe the Ivorians can deepen the challenge into the later rounds, buoyed by Chelsea's powerful if controversial striker, Didier Drogba, and the two defenders who did so much to carry Arsenal to a brilliant run in the Champions League, Kolo Toure and Emmanuel Eboue.

Certainly Drogba, who is alternatively toasted and scorned in England for his fierce physicality and reputation as a diver, has the makings of a legend. He scored a record breaking nine goals in the Ivory Coast's qualifying effort and has become such a national hero his countrymen now matter-of-factly ask for a 'Drogba' when they order a litre of the potent local beer.

This tournament will also feature a cult following for veteran Dutch soccer man Guus Hiddink. Four years ago he coached South Korea in its magnificent run to the semi-finals, where they failed only after a mighty effort against Germany. Earlier, Hiddink's men—known to their enraptured fans as Korea Team Fighting—had disposed of old European powers Portugal, Italy and Spain. This time Hiddink, who likes to don a leather jacket and ride his motorbike when he gives himself a break from soccer, is in charge of Australia. Working only part-time, he led the aptly-nicknamed Socceroos to their first World Cup appearance in 32 years.

A tournament in jeopardy?

Still, the excitement comes accompanied by a nagging worry: the fear that the great tournament is inevitably slipping from its acknowledged status as the final litmus test of quality in the game. This apprehension crystallized most strikingly midway through South Korea's remarkable run in the 2002 tournament, thanks in part to the exceptional performance of Ahn Jung-Hwan, a player with the Italian club Perugia. When Ahn played so brilliantly in his team's upset victory over his adopted land Italy, the reaction in Perugia was not one of pride but great angst. The club president said Ahn's contract was being reviewed. He added, "How could he play so well against Italy, so much better than he has done for his club?"

Ahn's employment survived the controversy, but it seems that the world's leading players now arrive at the tournament with much less of a sense that a great performance might shape the rest of their professional careers. In the past the successes of Johan Cruyff (for finalists Holland in 1974), Mario Kempes (Argentina, 1978), and Romario (Brazil, 1994) opened up glittering contracts in foreign lands. Now the feeling is that emerging talents have long been snapped up by hugely expensive club scouting systems, and when some of the great names arrived in the Far East four years ago, the challenge seemed less about new horizons than pure fatigue.

A few weeks prior to the 2002 tournament, Zinedine Zidane had produced a sublime performance, and goal, to carry his team Real Madrid to the Champions' League final victory in Scotland. But in the ensuing World Cup action he was the merest shadow. The same was true of his French teammates Thierry Henry and Patrick Vieira; lions for Arsenal, they scarcely whimpered as France limped out of the tournament. In the club-versus-country debate, it seemed the club paymasters were flexing their muscles,



« RONALDINHO The young Brazilian FIFA's 2005 World Player of the Year personifies the joy of football

v DIDIER DROGBA The gifted striker's Ivory Coast is Africa's best hope





ZINEDINE ZIDANE How badly will a gruelling club schedula wear the veteran French midfieldar down?

leaving many players spent before the tournament even began

Drama on the world stage

For the moment, though, the skepticism must be placed on hold. Regardless of the quality of play, the World Cup has always provided a stage for compelling human drama. The last World Cup was blessed with one of the great stories in the tournament's history: the rescue of Ronaldo. In 1998 in France, it seemed Ronaldo was a broken man, oppressed by pressure, a parody of the player who had threatened to engulf the tournament. Before taking the field in Yokohama in 2002 Ronaldo said, "My joy is great but I will not detail for you the years of suffering." Ronaldo's redemption had included six goals in six matches before the final. When the game was over he had notched eight and received the Golden Boot that goes to the tournament's leading scorer. It seemed a meagre reward for the world game's story of ultimate redemption.

Now Ronaldo has gone another full circle. He has been jeered at as "the fat man" in Madrid, where his Real team have gone another season without significant silverware, and most judges give him little chance of impinging on the glory of his Brazilian teammate Ronaldinho, who was recently voted world player of the year and has put in a series of luminous performances for his Barcelona club in another brilliant sweep to titles in both La Liga and the Champions League. Can Ronaldo rescue something from the remnants of an extraordinary career? It is one intriguing question.

More likely another will pick up his torch. For Barcelona, Ronaldinho and Messi have produced performances to rank with any in the history of the game, in England, Rooney has justified all those who said, when he was still 16, that he was heading straight for the pantheon of great players. Each one of them, fitness allowing, has the ability to transform the 18th World Cup in one reach of football brilliance. The guess here, for reasons of both physical health and natural talent, is that history will once again favour Brazil—and Ronaldinho, the favourite son of the world's greatest soccer nation. Some things, as we were reminded by the singing in the rain of Yokohama, rarely change. SN

James Lawton is the chief sports columnist for the Independent *in London, England.*

For a complete schedule of this summer's World Cup matches, log on to soccer.sportsnet.tsn.ca

PHOTO BY PEDRO ARMESTRE/AP/PORTTY IMAGES



PHOTO BY REUTERS/MICHAEL KOOREN (INSET)/CARLOS/HOGO NUNOZ

THE PRODIGY

Canada stands a good chance of qualifying for the 2010 World Cup with teenage phenom Jonathan De Guzman on the team. Too bad he's applying for Dutch citizenship.

BY RYAN JOHNSTON • "Going Dutch" is a courtship phrase synonymous with sharing. But for Canadian soccer officials courting one of global football's rising stars, the phrase has come to mean something much more ominous.

At only 18 years of age, Scarborough, Ont.-born Jonathan De Guzman is blessed with the ability to shape the future of Canada's national soccer program. Already dubbed an on-field showstopper with the off-field charisma of Argentine legend Diego Maradona, De Guzman patrols the midfield for Feyenoord Rotterdam, a team just four years removed from hoisting the UEFA Cup. London's *Sunday Times* placed him ninth in a recent compilation of the top 10 teenage talents in the game—alongside names like American Freddy Adu and Spaniard Cesc Fabregas.

Problem is, the longer De Guzman—a fleet-footed, gifted passer who sees the whole pitch—dazzles in the Dutch domestic league, the quicker the ink will dry on his Netherlands citizenship. He has already applied for a Dutch passport—ostensibly, he says, to make it easier to move around Europe with his club. But it would also open the door for him to pursue his international career wearing the orange jersey of his adopted homeland, where he has played for six years already.

That eventuality would strike a blow to Canadian soccer, overshadowing the many recent causes for optimism surrounding the national team. Canada is considered to have a strong emerging program, thanks to the prestige of hosting the under-20 FIFA world championships in 2007 and to the new Major League Soccer franchise, Toronto FC, which will begin play next season.

Canadian national team coach Frank Yallop would love nothing more than to see De Guzman anchor Canada's next qualification run for the 2010 World Cup in South Africa. He just won't beg. 'Jonathan has to want to play for Canada,' he says. "We can't force him to do anything. We've said we obviously want him to be part of the program, but you don't want to start to make ultimatums. Then you lose the player."

The idea of losing De Guzman to another flag conjures up memories of an earlier courtship gone terribly wrong: Calgary-born Owen Hargreaves' 2001 decision to capitalize on his dual citizenship and—despite constant cries of traitor—to pursue his World Cup dream for England. De Guzman has already declined to play for Canada in the FIFA under-20 championship in Toronto. Under international soccer rules, one appearance in that event would bind him to Canada for the rest of his international career.

'Jonathan has to want to play for Canada. We can't force him.'

The Canadian men's team has enjoyed somewhat of a revival under the tutelage of the England-born Yallop, who ended Holger Osieck's troubled reign as the national men's coach in December 2003. Canada's dominating 2-0 win over Austria in March of this year was preceded by a scoreless draw with the World Cup-bound United States and a spirited 2-1 loss to another Cup finalist, Spain.

Yallop knows how to build a winner, having led the San Jose Earthquakes to the MLS championship in 2001 and 2003. And he carries another trump card in his pursuit of De Guzman: his older brother, Julian, is already a fixture with Yallop's national team and enjoys a modest role as a midfielder on one of Spain's most revered first division teams, Deportivo la Coruna. "It hasn't really made a difference at this point," says Yallop of using Julian as a go-between. Ironically, it was Julian who encouraged his younger brother to move to Europe when he was only 12; he has been progressing in Feyenoord's development program ever since. The chatter in the football world is that the Rotterdam club will soon be flooded with offers from Europe's top teams for a transfer of De Guzman's contract.

"Jonathan is his own man," says Yallop. "I have had good chats with Julian about De Guzman's progress, and he really wants to concentrate on his club play right now. By the time he is 20 I would think he would know if he is going to play for Holland, if he's eligible, or for Canada." SN



COME TOGETHER The athletic Jonathan De Guzman (above right) has scouts' jaws dropping throughout Europe, while coach Frank Yallop (inset) is turning the national team's fortunes around

Soccer onolysts Croig Forrest and Dick Howard give you the lowdown on wha, what ond when ta watch in Germony

FEARLESS FORECASTS



CRAIG FORREST



DICK HOWARD

Alessandro Del Piero, Italy	MOST OVERHYPED PLAYER	**David Beckham,** England
Michael Essien, Ghana	MILLIONAIRE SUPER-STAR WHO'LL RISE TO THE OCCASION	Michael Ballack, Germany
Raul Spain	VETERAN WHO'LL HAVE A GREAT SWAN-SONG TOURNAMENT	Zinedine Zidane, France
Edwin van der Sar, Netherlands	TOURNAMENT'S BEST GOALKEEPER	**Gianluigi Buffon,** Italy
Fernando Torres, Spain	BEST KEPT SECRET	Theo Walcott England
Angola Beat African titans Nigeria to qualify	MOST UNDERRATED TEAM	**France:** Ready to recover from a disappointing '02
Group C: Argentina, Ivory Coast, Serbia, Netherlands	TOUGHEST POOL, I.E., "GROUP OF DEATH"	Group E ("Death II") U.S.A., Czech Republic, Italy, Ghana
Italy vs U.S.A., June 17 time for 5th-ranked Americans to earn their place	MUST-SEE MATCHUP	Argentina vs Ivory Coast, June 10 could decide group's outcome early
Angola will beat Mexico on June 16	OUT-ON-A-LIMB, UPSET PREDICTION	Brazil will lose to Croatia on June 13
Ruud van Nistelrooy Netherlands	GOLDEN BOOT (TOP SCORER)	**Thierry Henry,** France
Edwin van der Sar, Netherlands	GOLDEN BALL (MVP)	Ronaldinho, Brazil
Lionel Messi, Argentina	BEST YOUNG PLAYER	Christiano Ronaldo, Portugal
Netherlands, Spain, Brazil, Argentina	FINAL FOUR	Germany, England, Brazil, France
Netherlands 3, Brazil 2	CHAMPIONSHIP GAME	Brazil 3, England 1

PHOTOS (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT): GETTY IMAGES FOR ADIDAS, REUTERS/TONY GENTILE, REUTERS, TOBY MELVILLE, REUTERS/DARREN STAPLES, CARL DE SOUZA/AFP/GETTY IMAGES, REUTERS/MIGUEL VIDAL

32 nations, 64 games, one champion: the 2006 World Cup promises to be one of the most evenly matched taurnaments in histary

2006 WORLD CUP MATCH SCHEDULE

FIRST ROUND

Group A

Fri	June 9	Germany vs. Costa Rica	Munich	12:00	sportsnet
Fri	June 9	Poland vs. Ecuador	Gelsenkirchen	15:00	sportsnet
Wed	June 14	Germany vs. Poland	Dortmund	15:00	TSN
Thu	June 15	Ecuador vs. Costa Rica	Hamburg	09:00	sportsnet
Tue	June 20	Ecuador vs. Germany	Berlin	10:00	sportsnet
Tue	June 20	Costa Rica vs. Poland	Hanover	10:00	TSN

Group B

Sat	June 10	England vs. Paraguay	Frankfurt	09:00	sportsnet
Sat	June 10	Trinidad & Tobago vs. Sweden	Dortmund	12:00	sportsnet
Thu	June 15	England vs. Trinidad & Tobago	Nuremberg	12:00	sportsnet
Thu	June 15	Sweden vs. Paraguay	Berlin	15:00	sportsnet
Tue	June 20	Sweden vs. England	Cologne	15:00	TSN
Tue	June 20	Paraguay vs. Trinidad & Tobago	Kaiserslautern	15:00	sportsnet

Group C

Sat	June 10	Argentina vs. Ivory Coast	Hamburg	15:00	TSN
Sun	June 11	Serbia & Montenegro vs. Netherlands	Leipzig	09:00	sportsnet
Fri	June 16	Argentina vs. Serbia & Montenegro	Gelsenkirchen	09:00	sportsnet
Fri	June 16	Netherlands vs. Ivory Coast	Stuttgart	12:00	sportsnet
Wed	June 21	Netherlands vs. Argentina	Frankfurt	15:00	sportsnet
Wed	June 21	Ivory Coast vs. Serbia & Montenegro	Munich	15:00	TSN

Group D

Sun	June 11	Mexico vs. Iran	Nuremberg	12:00	sportsnet
Sun	June 11	Angola vs. Portugal	Cologne	15:00	TSN
Fri	June 16	Mexico vs. Angola	Hanover	15:00	sportsnet
Sat	June 17	Portugal vs. Iran	Frankfurt	09:00	TSN
Wed	June 21	Portugal vs. Mexico	Gelsenkirchen	10:00	TSN
Wed	June 21	Iran vs. Angola	Leipzig	10:00	sportsnet

Group E

Mon	June 12	USA vs. Czech Republic	Gelsenkirchen	12:00	TSN
Mon	June 12	Italy vs. Ghana	Hanover	15:00	TSN
Sat	June 17	Czech Republic vs. Ghana	Cologne	12:00	sportsnet
Sat	June 17	Italy vs. USA	Kaiserslautern	15:00	sportsnet
Thu	June 22	Czech Republic vs. Italy	Hamburg	10:00	TSN
Thu	June 22	Ghana vs. USA	Nuremberg	10:00	sportsnet

Group F

Mon	June 12	Australia vs. Japan	Kaiserslautern	09:00	TSN
Tue	June 13	Brazil vs. Croatia	Berlin	15:00	TSN
Sun	June 18	Japan vs. Croatia	Nuremberg	09:00	TSN
Sun	June 18	Brazil vs. Australia	Munich	12:00	sportsnet
Thu	June 22	Japan vs. Brazil	Dortmund	15:00	sportsnet
Thu	June 22	Croatia vs. Australia	Stuttgart	15:00	TSN

Group G

Mon	June 13	South Korea vs. Togo	Frankfurt	09:00	TSN
Tue	June 13	France vs. Switzerland	Stuttgart	12:00	TSN
Sun	June 18	France vs. South Korea	Leipzig	15:00	sportsnet
Mon	June 19	Togo vs. Switzerland	Dortmund	09:00	TSN
Fri	June 23	Togo vs. France	Cologne	15:00	sportsnet
Fri	June 23	Switzerland vs. South Korea	Hanover	15:00	TSN

Group H

Wed	June 14	Spain vs. Ukraine	Leipzig	09:00	TSN
Wed	June 14	Tunisia vs. Saudi Arabia	Munich	12:00	TSN
Mon	June 19	Saudi Arabia vs. Ukraine	Hamburg	12:00	TSN
Mon	June 19	Spain vs. Tunisia	Stuttgart	15:00	TSN
Fri	June 23	Saudi Arabia vs. Spain	Kaiserslautern	10:00	TSN
Fri	June 23	Ukraine vs. Tunisia	Berlin	10:00	sportsnet

SECOND ROUND

Sat	June 24	**(SR1)** Grp A 1st vs. Grp B 2nd	Munich	11:00	TSN
Sat	June 24	**(SR2)** Grp C 1st vs. Grp D 2nd	Leipzig	15:00	TSN
Sun	June 25	**(SR3)** Grp B 1st vs. Grp A 2nd	Stuttgart	11:00	sportsnet
Sun	June 25	**(SR4)** Grp D 1st vs. Grp C 2nd	Nuremberg	15:00	TSN
Mon	June 26	**(SR5)** Grp E 1st vs. Grp F 2nd	Kaiserslautern	11:00	sportsnet
Mon	June 26	**(SR6)** Grp G 1st vs. Grp H 2nd	Cologne	15:00	TSN
Tue	June 27	**(SR7)** Grp F 1st vs. Grp E 2nd	Dortmund	11:00	sportsnet
Tue	June 27	**(SR8)** Grp H 1st vs. Grp G 2nd	Hanover	15:00	sportsnet

QUARTER FINALS

Fri	June 30	**(QF1)** Winners SR1 vs. SR2	Berlin	11:00	sportsnet
Fri	June 30	**(QF2)** Winners SR3 vs. SR4	Hamburg	15:00	sportsnet
Sat	July 1	**(QF3)** Winners SR5 vs. SR6	Gelsenkirchen	11:00	TSN
Sat	July 1	**(QF4)** Winners SR7 vs. SR8	Frankfurt	15:00	TSN

SEMI FINALS

Tue	July 4	**(SF1)** Winners QF1 vs. QF2	Dortmund	15:00	sportsnet
Wed	July 5	**(SF2)** Winners QF3 vs. QF4	Munich	15:00	TSN

THIRD PLACE PLAY-OFF

Sat	July 8	SF1 2nd vs. SF2 2nd	Stuttgart	15:00	sportsnet

FINAL

Sun	July 9	Winners SF1 vs. SF2	Berlin	14:00	CTV
Sun	July 9	Final replay		19:30	TSN
Mon	July 10	Final replay		13:00	sportsnet

All games are live and times are listed in Eastern Time (ET).
Consult sportsnet.ca or tsn.ca for replay times.



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GAME OVER

UNSAFE AT HIGH SPEEDS

A faster NHL makes for fewer hits, but much bigger ones



BY GARE JOYCE • The biggest hit in this year's NHL playoffs was delivered by a defenceman widely considered too small and—let's be frank—too soft to play regularly until this season, a guy who has heard that he doesn't play "physical" enough. And that wasn't hecklers or coaches getting on him, but his own father.

Buffalo Sabres defenceman Brian Campbell might be the most unlikely big hitter in the game—just think of Newfoundland starting an enriched uranium program. Asked what it feels like to be up there with the league heavyweights, Campbell admits he's "not even a middleweight."

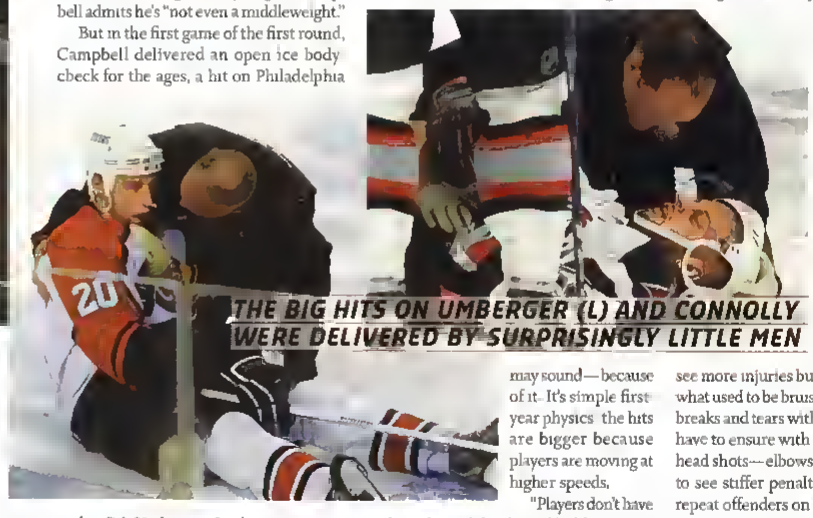
But in the first game of the first round, Campbell delivered an open-ice body check for the ages, a hit on Philadelphia Flyers forward Mike Knuble that sent Knuble's helmet flying and left Knuble writhing in pain. Then, in Game 3, Campbell delivered a hit on Ottawa Senators forward Antoine Vermette that left Vermette with a concussion. Then, in Game 4, Campbell delivered a hit on Ottawa's Chris Neil that left Neil with a concussion. Then, in Game 5, Campbell delivered a hit on Ottawa's Dean McAmmond that left McAmmond with a concussion—but replays of this year's big hits evoke video of what happens to crash test dummies sans air bags. Without speed limits, players are at even greater danger when driving recklessly into the open ice.

Campbell caught Umberger reaching for a loose puck. Connolly was living more dangerously. Schaefer caught him cutting from the wing into middle of the ice at the Ottawa blue line, the no man's land where Scott Stevens stamped Eric Lindros's passport during the 2000 playoffs. "Players are more exposed to injury when they go low to the ice, which both Umberger and Connolly did when they got checked," Buffalo general manager Darcy Regier says.

Regier believes players will adjust and learn what they can do and where they can go on the ice—even if these lessons are learned through brutal, synapse-rattling experience. But he also believes the league must protect players. Because in the new NHL, speed might not kill, but it sure does hurt.

"Clean hits are dangerous in a faster game," Regier says. "I think we might not see more injuries but more serious ones—what used to be bruises and sprains become breaks and tears with more force. What we have to ensure with the rules is any sort of head shots—elbows and the like. We have to see stiffer penalties in games, and for repeat offenders on dirty hits."

But there was nothing dirty about Campbell's hit on Umberger or Schaefer's on Connolly. Neither was penalized and neither deserved to be. Those who gripe about the game turning into non-contact shinny shouldn't skate too fast up the ice making those complaints—and they should keep their heads up. SN



THE BIG HITS ON UMBERGER (L) AND CONNOLLY WERE DELIVERED BY SURPRISINGLY LITTLE MEN

PHOTOS (FROM LEFT): AP PHOTO/JOHN HEUPEL; PHILLIP MACCALLUM/GETTY IMAGES

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'THERE WERE NO PROBLEMS—BUT THEN I WASN'T ASKING HER TO DO SHAKESPEARE' —FILM DIRECTOR RICHARD LINKLATER ON AVRIL LAVIGNE'S PERFORMANCE IN FAST FOOD NATION

CATE BLANCHETT
HE DID SING JUST LIKE A WOMAN

Bob Dylan's music has spanned many genres, from folk and country to rockabilly and jazz. He's also flirted with religion, announcing himself a born-again Christian before returning to his Jewish roots. Now, yet another side of Dylan is set to emerge—a feminine one in the form of **Cate Blanchett**. The 37-year-old actress, who won a Golden Globe in 1998 for her portrayal of the title role in *Elizabeth*, confirmed last week that she will play an early "riff on Dylan" in *I'm Not There*, the forthcoming biopic that will be shot this summer in Montreal. Also taking a turn as the legendary singer-songwriter—in the first Hollywood picture on which the man himself has bestowed his blessing—is **Richard Gere**, **Christian Bale** and **Heath Ledger**. **Colin Farrell** bowed out, denying Dylan fans a glimpse of Bob's inner Irish playboy.



JONATHAN WIENS
YOU SURE THAT'S NOT POISONOUS?

In the dens of Narcisse, Man., 100 km north of Winnipeg, tens of thousands of red-sided garters sleep during the winter before emerging for spring in lustful, writhing knots. In southern regions, the snakes reach lengths of 60 or 70 cm; a 90-cm specimen is a monster. But recently, at the farthest northern point just south of Thompson, **Jonathan Wiens** unlatched one of his snake traps to find a 1.34-m-long female—the longest red-sided garter snake on record. The 23-year-old University of Manitoba graduate student, who's studying how the snakes survive up north, says the area is paradise to the red-sided garter, with abundant food (mainly wood frogs) and few predators. Wiens, who is known locally as the "snake charmer," failed to capture the heart of his record-breaker—prior to her release, he says, she had "a bit of a mean streak."

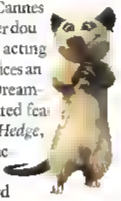


CHARLES SAATCHI
IT'S KIND OF LIKE FREE ADVERTISING

Just call it e-Art. London art patron **Charles Saatchi**, formerly of the global advertising giant Saatchi and Saatchi, has done what many starving artists thought was unthinkable—he's launched a website, Your Gallery, that allows them to post their work and sell it, commission-free. Mimicking wildly popular websites like *myspace.com* and *youtube.com*—which have launched music and film careers respectively—his site (*saatchi-gallery.com/yourgallery*) lets artists post their bio and contact information alongside their art to help them bypass years of poverty and neglect. It's only in its first month, but the site already has more than 1,750 artists as registered users. And both dealers and collectors are busy snapping up the work—some pieces are selling for as much as $200,000, sight unseen. Unless, of course, you count the computer screen.

AVRIL LAVIGNE
CAN YOU PICTURE HER FLIPPING BURGERS?

Avril Lavigne's career just got more complicated. The pop rocker from Napanee, Ont., hit the red carpet in Cannes to promote her double-barrelled acting debut—she voices an opossum in DreamWorks' animated feature *Over the Hedge*, and plays an activist college kid in **Richard Linklater**'s *Fast Food Nation*. Linklater told *Maclean's* that Lavigne was originally being considered for the larger role of a fast-food employee. But after meeting her, he says, "I immediately visualized her as this college girl. Avril hadn't been to college, so I told her this would be your college. All the part really asked of her was to more or less be herself. But she's smart. Most musicians are natural performers. There were no problems—but then I wasn't asking her to do Shakespeare."



LEFT TO RIGHT: CP; NO CREDIT; CP; NO CREDIT; CP; GETTY IMAGES; GEORGE PIMENTEL

JASON TREE AND DAVID CONNORS
BROKEBACK MOUNTIES GET THEIR MAN

Const. **Jason Tree**, a six-year veteran of the RCMP, and Const. **David Connors**, who joined the force in 2003, are getting married next month. The two Mounties had been planning a small, quiet affair—a ceremony in Yarmouth, N.S., close to where both are stationed. And though they didn't seek it, the spotlight found them. There is still a bit of uncertainty over whether or not they will in fact be the first same-sex married couple in the RCMP, but as soon as news of their pending nuptials broke, the couple was thrust into the role of unofficial spokespeople for the RCMP's openness to gay officers. Meanwhile, in Ottawa, the Prime Minister's Office reportedly issued a gag order—telling Conservative MPs not to speak publicly about the marriage. One caucus member told a reporter last week that the message was sent to all party MPs but aimed at "the small minority who might say something stupid."

MICHAEL COX
TOTALLY DRIVEN BY BLIND AMBITION

"When a man knows he is to be hanged," **Samuel Johnson** once said, "it concentrates his mind wonderfully." And Johnson never dreamed of dexamethasone. **Michael Cox** had both in 2004: a diagnosis of a rare cancer (haemangiopericytoma) that might—or might not—kill him, but was certainly making him go blind, and a powerful, energy-boosting corticosteroid to ease the pressure on his optic nerves. He knew it was time to write the novel that had been rattling around in his head for 30 years. "I had a plot, I had characters and backstories—it was like I was building a house, but all I ever had time for was stacking up the materials." In a manic burst of creativity, Cox wrote 250 pages of *The Meaning of Night* in three months and earned the largest first-novel advance in British history: $900,000. "I wept," says Cox, 57, whose surgeries have so far maintained his sight, "not because of the money, but because it meant the book was good."



JANET JONES
ALL BETS—AND THE GLOVES—ARE OFF

Commenting on a criminal investigation can be a legal minefield. **Wayne Gretzky**'s wife, **Janet Jones**, and the Great One's former assistant coach, **Rick Tocchet**, have each filed notice that they intend to sue New Jersey officials for US$50 million, alleging that the state released the contents of intercepted conversations during a Feb. 7 press conference in violation of the state's wiretap act. The media event came a day after Tocchet was charged with running a sports betting ring. Jones, 45, allegedly placed bets but has not been charged. The scandal, and whether Gretzky himself might have been involved, hung over the couple in Turin, where he coached Team Canada. In her legal notice, Jones states she "sustained significant damage to her reputation and lost business opportunities."

JAMES EDWARD GOETTSCHE
THE POPE IS A GREAT REFERENCE

Having held the post of Vatican organist since 1989, **James Edward Goettsche** must have been pretty alarmed when emails and phone calls began arriving asking if he had been fired by **Pope Benedict XVI**. Some wondered if Goettsche had died. It turns out that someone else was criss-crossing the globe using his musical title. So **Francesco Cardinal Marchisano** promptly warned concert organizers that an imposter, with formal looking documents to back up his claim, was on the loose. The missive worked—**Massimiliano Muzzi**, 34, was exposed as the fake while touring in Germany—after he had already earned great reviews for several performances in Australia, Europe and the U.S. Muzzi is blaming his concert organizer for slipping the phrase "Vatican organist" into his resume, saying he didn't "need such ruses to win professional engagements."



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help
[illegible] for [illegible] fresh
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MICHAEL SCHMELLING (LEFT); BETTMANN/CORBIS

Judy, Judy, Judy

stage

Rufus Wainwright will sing all 25 numbers from Judy Garland's Carnegie Hall classic—at Carnegie Hall—as a tribute, a protest and a joyful call to arms

BY SHANDA DEZIEL

There's an old home movie in Rufus Wainwright's family that to this day cracks him up In it, he's pretending to be Dorothy from the movie *The Wizard of Oz* "I'm dancing around the pool with an apron on, very dainty," says the singer-songwriter "My dad's in the background on a lawn chair with a Scotch, just staring at me" Loudon Wainwright III knew what it meant when his young son fell for Judy Garland—the original gay icon He knew that the song he wrote when Rufus was breastfeeding, *Rufus Is A Tit Man*, would eventually be proven wrong But who could have known that as a grown man—even a grown gay man—Rufus would still want to be Judy?

On June 14 and 15, he'll replicate Garland's legendary 1961 Carnegie Hall concert at the same venue—and his once disapproving dad will be in the audience, most likely beaming. (Folksinger mom Kate McGarrigle and sister Martha Wainwright will be part of the evening's performance) It's going to be quite an event. With a 40-piece orchestra, Stephen Oremus (*Wicked*, *Avenue Q*) acting as musical director, Sam Mendes (*American Beauty*) directing and filming the performance, and Phil Ramone recording it for a CD, Wainwright will tackle over 25 classics by the likes of George Gershwin, Irving Berlin and Harold Arlen, including *The Trolley Song*, *Puttin' on the Ritz* and *The Man That Got Away* He's changed all the keys from what Garland sang them in, except *Do It Again*, which he'll sing exactly as she did That number, says Wainwright, is "going to be a freak show" In no other way is he going to become Judy For instance, he's not going to dress as she did. A style icon himself, Wainwright will wear two outfits from Amsterdam-based Dutch designers Viktor & Rolf—who've chosen for him something "dapper" from their men's line.

Some have asked, "Why risk disturbing the ghost of Garland?" But Wainwright feels he has her blessing, especially after meeting with daughter Lorna Luft, who told him that her mother would have been "so proud and so happy to be remembered in this way" Wainwright's never shied away from aligning himself with the tragic diva, even calling himself the male Judy Garland "There's a mystical affinity." Well, they both started performing at a young age, both are belters in their singing style and both fought demons Garland lost her battle with prescription drugs, Wainwright overcame an addiction to crystal meth "She was 39 when she did the concert," says Wainwright, who's 32 "She'd already had a few ups and downs and this was her ultimate comeback—the real moment when she was no longer Dorothy And I'm in a good space right now I've had some ups and downs, and it's just time to, you know, get happy"

But there's much more to it than that Wainwright is a show-off—although it's not off-putting. He mentions how after last year's A McGarrigle Christmas concert at Carnegie Hall (with mom Kate, aunt Anna, sister Martha and others), a reviewer said, "Of all the singers of the evening, Carnegie Hall was truly built for the voice of Rufus Wainwright." So now seems like an advantageous time to make his solo debut at the famous venue And Garland's concert is the ultimate challenge for a performer like him—a two-hour tour de force, packed with mood swings playful one minute, dark and sad the next The original recording won four Grammys, including album of the year, stayed on the charts for 73 weeks, sold over two million copies, and has never been out of print "The performance and structure of the evening and the nature of arrangements made it one of the great Olympian feats of singing," says Wainwright. "It could be compared to an opera So being a big opera fan, who will never be able to spread my wings in that territory, singing wise, I thought this is probably the next best thing I could face this challenge and I think I can pull this off"

He's bringing his mom and sister along for moral support and as an insurance policy "I wouldn't want to listen to myself for that long." So Martha will sing *Stormy Weather*, a song Wainwright thinks is just too heterosexual to do himself And mom will play the piano for *Over the Rainbow*. "We've been doing that together since I was about three," he says "In the fun old days of Montreal in the '70s, she would kind of parade me about at her drunken folk nights at the house—have me pacify angry banjo players with *Over the Rainbow*."

Kate McGarrigle says she reluctantly taught him that song after "trying to hit him over the head with banjo music." American standards and opera were the kinds of music her parents played, which she rebelled against by turning to folk. Then Rufus rebelled in the opposite direction, preferring Gershwin and Garland to Pete Seeger and Woody Guthrie McGarrigle's still trying to woo him "I said, 'Rufie, what about Anna and I playing at Carnegie? Let's do *Over the Rainbow* in a folk style, we'll come out with our accordion and banjos' " But no luck Instead, she'll leave her jeans at home, put on



GARLAND'S Carnegie Hall concert was a tour de force



death of Garland earlier that week. Gay men would refer to themselves as "friends of Dorothy" and congregate at her concerts. "There's this famous picture of Judy Garland at Carnegie Hall," says Wainwright. "She's at the front accepting flowers from all these men—well, most of them are dead, prematurely. They're another ghost who inhabit the evening.

"The gay people I know from the last generations have really shunned the whole Judy aesthetic," says Wainwright. "But a lot of the older ones who in the

bring Judy back, Wainwright wants to use her to even out today's musical landscape. "A lot of why I'm doing this show has to do with the resurgence of standard singing," he says. "Take Rod Stewart or Michael Bublé or Harry Connick, Jr.—it's all fine and dandy what they do, but they're all trying to be Frank Sinatra. Twenty different people trying to be Frank. And nobody's trying to be Judy. Instead of snapping your fingers like, 'I'm going to f--k you after the show,' Judy's more like, 'Please f--k me after the show.' I want to bring back the more pathetic and wanting performer."

But that'll be merely a persona for Wainwright. Offstage, he looks happy and healthy and is trying to lower his cholesterol by becoming a vegetarian, rather than taking prescription drugs. He's working on an opera for the Metropolitan and is making a film about his life—directed by Mendes. But the Garland concert is the current obsession. At a recent visit to Carnegie Hall, he pored over the Garland paraphernalia in the archives, lingering over the photos of all the men (wearing identical Buddy Holly glasses) in the front row. The archivist eagerly announced that the owner of the jacket that Garland wore that night in 1961 has agreed to send it over for Wainwright's shows. Looking at a picture of the bejewelled and sequined black jacket, Wainwright laughs, "I'm not wearing that. It's beautiful—but in the case, please."

a designer Viktor & Rolf outfit, and watch as her son pays tribute to a singer she could never stand.

"When he said, 'I'm doing Judy Garland,' I was like, 'Oh f--k. Why Judy Garland?'" While she doesn't remember a young Rufus having much interest in the legendary singer/actress, she sees at least one similarity between the two. "Her roles in movies are all kind of cheerful, 'Hi, how are you? Can I help you?' And Rufus is like that, he's not attitudey. I can kind of see the house blowing away and him just carrying on."

Wainwright does believe that what the world needs now is a little gaiety courtesy of Garland and himself. A 40th anniversary edition of the concert record came out in 2001 and since then Wainwright has really latched onto it. "It was a very dark time with 9/11 and then the war," he says. "I really noticed that whenever I put that album on, all cares were banished immediately. Everything was so uplifted, hopeful, beautiful and exciting—it just offset the world so much. I felt like I had to spread the wealth."

He wants this to be a young, old, man, woman, gay, straight celebration. But in some important ways, it is a gay thing. The concerts are just prior to Gay Pride Week in New York, which commemorates the Stonewall riots from 1969—when, after a history of harassment, a significant number of gay people resisted arrest during a police raid of a gay bar in Greenwich Village. Some believe that the gay population took action on that particular night due to their grief over the

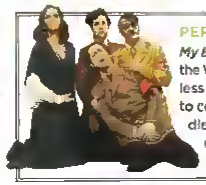
IT'S 'ONE OF THE GREAT OLYMPIAN FEATS OF SINGING,' SAYS WAINWRIGRT, OF THE TWO-HOUR CONCERT. 'I THINK I CAN PULL THIS OFF.'



'60s and '70s were ashamed of being tied to her—of having to be a fan—have found that there's kind of no escape." So embrace it, challenges Wainwright. Believing that Christian fundamentalism is pervading the U.S., he says those "fey, freaky, queeny queens are a very radical entity right now." In fact, Wainwright goes even further in his call for change, believing that gay men should return to a '70s lifestyle—"when gay men would have sex in bars, weren't monogamous, that free love thing. As long as they're safe and as long as they take precautions, I totally believe in gay guys having multiple sexual partners."

Besides all the socio-political reasons to

With less than a month left before the event, there's a buzz in the city. *Time Out New York* magazine is running a seven-issue countdown in which every week they're interviewing a different person involved, prominent gay groups have organized outings to the performances, and David Bowie, Robert Altman and other celebrities are expected to attend. And this quintessential New York City concert has taken on extra meaning for Wainwright, who often talks about how his first foray into the city was a bust. No one was interested in him or his music and he left dejected, only to become famous in Los Angeles. "I have many memories of walking alone in Central Park on a hot summer afternoon, pining over, you know, some rollerblader—and now I have the city at my feet." M



PERFORMANCE OF THE WEEK **HITLER'S CUP**

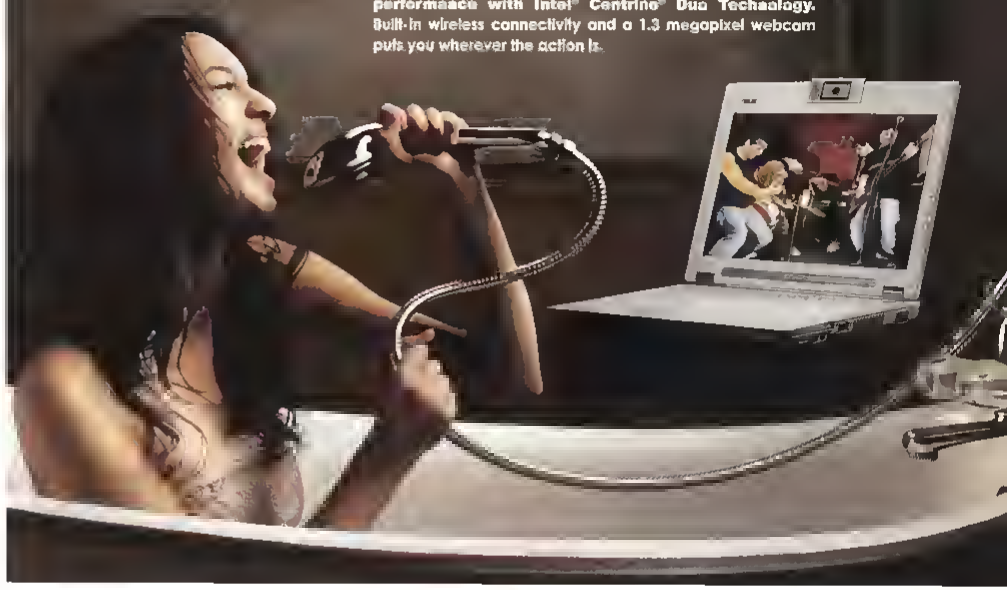
My Ball—A German Dream has opened in Hamburg, just in time for the World Cup. The play has been outraging audiences with its tasteless premise: while his lieutenants wait for a bunker-bound Hitler to commit suicide, he dreams of hosting the World Cup to rekindle Germany's lost glory. The play's director aims to mock the country's current attempts to jolly up its grim national image, as evidenced by its World Cup slogan, 'Time to make friends.'

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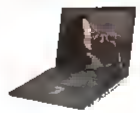
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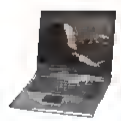
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TWO GUYS, ONE SONG: Metallica's *Enter Sandman* is the theme music of the Yankees' Mariano Rivera—and of the Mets' Billy Wagner

It's fun to stay at the Y.M.C.A.???

For a closer, picking the right entrance tune can be harder than finding a wedding song

BY JOHN INTINI • It's Opening Day in Colorado. The Rockies have sold out the place and the home team's fans are enjoying overpriced beer and a one-run lead against their division rivals, the Arizona Diamondbacks. With one out in the eighth inning, reliever Brian Fuentes is summoned from the bullpen. During his trek across the outfield grass to the mound something very strange happens. *Y.M.C.A.* begins blaring from the stadium speakers. It's odd because Fuentes usually enters games to Staind's *For You*, a more "rockous" tune, to say the least. Despite the musical mix-up, Fuentes mows down the Diamondbacks, but he admits afterwards that being ushered into the game by the Village People did little to boost his adrenalin.

With the perfect tune, a closer's entrance can be as intimidating as any in professional sports. But it must strike a perfect balance, instilling fear in opposing batters, while also riling up fans to a fever pitch. That's why so many big-league closers pick classic heavy-metal tunes, with monster riffs and thunderous choruses, from the '80s and early '90s. Favourites include *Hells Bells* by AC/DC, Metallica's *Enter Sandman*, and *Iron Man* by Black Sabbath. "The song always reflects the closer's personality," says Deb Belinsky, who produces the music for all Toronto Blue Jays home games. "Metal is aggressive and in some ways beyond authority—it's untouchable."

Many of the nastiest guys in baseball have come out of the bullpen—and while music has accompanied many of them to the mound for a few decades, it hasn't always been so hard-hitting. Al "The Mad Hungarian" Hrabosky, a St. Louis Cardinal reliever in the 1970s who stomped around and screamed at himself between pitches as if possessed by the baseball gods, marched to the hill to the tune of Liszt's *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2*. Then, during the '80s, John Franco made his way to becoming the first left-hander to notch 400 career saves with Chuck Berry's *Johnny B. Goode*, and the Oakland A's Hall of Famer Dennis Eckersley jogged from the pen to the mound with his long black hair bouncing to the beat of George Thorogood & The Destroyers' *Bad to the Bone*.

Charlie Sheen's inspiring performance in 1989 as Rick "Wild Thing" Vaughn in *Major League* is credited by some with the shift to a harder sound. Ever since he entered games backed by the Troggs classic that gave him his nickname, nearly every big league closer has demanded a hard, thrashing theme song to announce his late-inning arrival. For example, Toronto Blue Jay B.J. Ryan always enters games with Slipknot's *Duality* blasting, and the Montreal-born L.A. Dodgers closer Eric Gagne broke the all-time record for most consecutive saves in 2003 with a little help from Guns 'N Roses' *Welcome to the Jungle*. While many select their favourite bands, the feeling isn't always reciprocated. In 2000, members of Twisted Sister requested that Atlanta Braves save specialist John Rocker stop using their song, *I Wanna Rock*, after his disparaging comments about New Yorkers, AIDS sufferers and unwed mothers were published in *Sports Illustrated*.

This spring, the big debate among ball fans and pundits in the Big Apple (especially on sports radio) was over who deserved to use Metallica's *Enter Sandman*: the Yankees' Mariano Rivera, who had adopted the theme in 1999, or the Mets' newly acquired closer Billy Wagner, who switched to it in 1996 when his Houston Astro teammates grew tired of George Strait's *The Fireman*. Two months into the season, both pitchers still use the Metallica smash and Rivera has come out publicly, saying that it doesn't bother him at all that the new kid across town uses it.

Meanwhile, in Boston, Red Sox stopper Jonathan Papelbon said earlier this year that finding the perfect entrance tune is tougher than picking a wedding song. For the latter, he and his wife went with *Making Memories Of Us* by Keith Urban, which isn't nearly tough enough to cross over from the dance floor to the playing field. So this spring, the flame-thrower enlisted his fans to help him replace Drowning Pool's *Bodies*. More than 1,100 members of the Red Sox Nation responded, suggesting songs by everyone from AC/DC to Lionel Richie. But Papelbon—who has notched 15 saves and surrendered only one run in his first 22 appearances this season—decided to stick with what's working. Diehard fans can take heart that he ignored the one suggestion playing off his name: Ricky Martin's *Shake Your Bon Bon*. M

CHRIS TROTMAN/GETTY IMAGES



BRITNEY SPEARS...HAS SOMETHING TO SAY

No more chains / That you gave me / Enough of pain / Now I'm craving / Something sweat, so delight / How do you stand sleeping at night? / Silly patterns that we follow / You pull me in / I'm being swallowed / By the ones you think you love / They pull you down / You can't see up above / Manipulation is the key / They screw it in / Because you're naive

—from *Remembrance of Who I Am*, a stream of consciousness poem by Spears posted on her website



HIS PARENTS threw dinner parties for Truman Capote and Charlie Chaplin. His brother jumped to his death at age 23

Anderson Cooper feels your pain

Never mind the steely eyes and blue blood, the CNN star's life has been a disaster zone

BY LIANNE GEORGE • Last August, amid the impending violence and chaos, Anderson Cooper arrived. There he stood in the streets of Baton Rouge, a bright red CNN slicker plastered to his torso, his white knuckles clenched around a microphone, eyes squinting, brow furrowing, his body bracing against torrential rains. He shouted out to his TV viewers in their safe, dry living rooms: "It's really blowing now!" For days after hurricane Katrina hit, Cooper delivered front-line reports on the subsequent anarchy: families missing children, elderly people trapped in attics, corpses bobbing in the streets—and the thousands, now homeless, spilling out of the Louisiana Superdome in dire need of food, medical attention and hard answers. New Orleans was waiting to be saved. Four days in, when Louisiana Senator Mary Landrieu appeared on his show, *Anderson Cooper 360°*, and began to thank President George W. Bush and FEMA and a litany of others for their support, Cooper did something TV news anchors rarely do: he emoted. "Excuse me, senator, I'm sorry for interrupting," he said, almost trembling with disbelief. "I haven't heard that, because for the last four days I've been seeing dead bodies in the streets. And to listen to politicians thanking each other and congratulating each other—you know, I've got to tell you, there are a lot of people here who are very upset, and very angry, and very frustrated." Hurricane Katrina devastated a region. But it made Anderson Cooper a star.

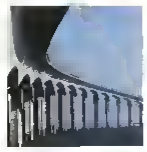
Cooper's Katrina coverage has had a rare, enduring resonance. People trust him. Online, a growing army of fans moons over his steely blue eyes, his dapper dress, his impeccably manicured silver hair, and, mostly, his refreshingly unguarded style. In November, CNN announced that Cooper would take over as the network's prime time anchor, replacing Aaron Brown. His show landed the coveted 10 p.m. slot and was expanded to two hours. Last week, keeping the momentum going, Cooper released his first book, *Dispatches from the Edge*. Partly a recounting of his experiences covering large-scale tragedies, the book is also a startlingly candid memoir of personal loss.

Cooper, now 38, was born into a life of privilege, raised among Manhattan's social and cultural elite. His mother is the fashion designer and railroad heiress Gloria Vanderbilt. His father, Wyatt Cooper, who came from a poor farming family in Quitman, Miss., was an actor and screenwriter. When Cooper was a little boy, his parents would throw lavish dinner parties, with guests that included Andy Warhol, Truman Capote, and Charlie Chaplin. He and his older brother, Carter, were always encouraged to attend. Then everything changed. When Cooper was 10, his father died of a heart attack. When he was 21, a student at Yale, his brother, then 23, dangled himself over the balcony of the family's Upper East Side penthouse, while his mother pleaded with him to come inside. "Will I ever feel again?" Carter asked her before letting go of the railing and plummeting to his death.

Loss, sudden and cruel, was the dominant theme of Cooper's early life, and he now believes it's the force that drove him to the frenetic life of a foreign correspondent. "For me," he says from his office in New York, "I wanted to figure out how to survive. My brother hadn't survived. I wanted to go places where people were surviving and there had been tragedies and people were getting through them."

After college, Cooper applied for an entry-level job at *ABC News*, but he couldn't even get an interview. Surely, one might think, someone with his family connections could have called in a favour? But he insists the idea never crossed his mind. "It just wasn't something I would've been comfortable with," he says. "To this day, I have a really hard time asking people for things. I tend to just sort of do it myself."

So, in 1991, with no employer and no experience, Cooper borrowed a Hi 8 camera, asked a friend to design him a phony press pass, and took off to Thailand to document Burmese refugees struggling to overthrow their country's military dictatorship. He sold his stories to *Channel One*, a daily closed-circuit news program broadcast to high schools across the U.S. "I started to try to force myself to feel in these places," he says. "When my dad died, I think I cauterized all of my feelings. I became very withdrawn and internal." In places like Burma, "the emotions were very palpable. Here, in polite



STOP THE PRESSES — SOME SOBER REFLECTION

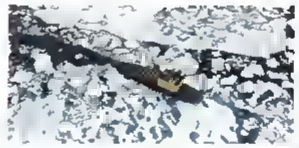
"An article about the late Betty Steflik may have been misleading. The article referred to Jack Plimpton as a friend of the late activist and quoted Plimpton as saying naming the bridge after Steflik was like 'naming a bar after an alcoholic.' Plimpton was using a simile, and Steflik was not an alcoholic."—A recent clarification in Florida's *Daytona Beach News-Journal*, as quoted by *www.regrettheerror.com*

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society, people don't talk about life and death issues. That feeling seems buried. Overseas, I found the feeling was overwhelming. It overwhelmed my own defences."

For Cooper, the need to feel that rush of emotion, the sensation of being undeniably alive, became an addiction. At 25, on the strength of his *Channel One* stories, he landed a reporting job with *ABC News*. He spent the next decade travelling the globe, seemingly following an endless trail of blood: massacres in Rwanda, bullets in Baghdad, tsunami devastation in Sri Lanka, children starving to death in Niger. In his book, he compares himself to a shark. "I'd become a predator, endlessly gliding in saltwater seas, searching for the scent of blood."

Coming home to high society New York between assignments became increasingly difficult. "Out at night, weaving through traffic, looking for trouble, I'd lose myself in crowds," he writes. "Gaggles of girls with fruit-coloured drinks talked about face products and film production. I'd see their lips move, look at their snapshot smiles and highlighted hair. I didn't know what to say. I'd look down at my boots and see bloodstains."

In 2001, he decided he needed a break from all the tragedy. After a brief stint hosting *The Mole*—an ABC reality adventure show that he took on when his news career appeared to be stalling—Cooper was offered a cushy job at CNN, co-hosting the morning show with Paula Zahn. In late 2003, he was given his own evening news show. But it wasn't until hurricane Katrina that the network began to fully exploit his appeal.

BACK HOME, 'I'D SEE GIRLS TALK OF FACE PRODUCTS AND FILM PRODUCTION. I'D LOOK DOWN AT MY BOOTS AND SEE BLOODSTAINS.'

On Aug. 27, 2005, Cooper was vacationing in Croatia when he received a call from his producer telling him to come home. By then he had witnessed devastation and cruelty of all types. He'd seen hundreds, maybe thousands, of dead bodies. But Katrina was different, he says. "I was surrounded by memories of times that I had been down there with my father. And memories of other places I had been kept surfacing. I got to Gulfport, Miss., the night after the storm and it looked like Galle, Sri Lanka, after the tsunami. I was in New Orleans and saw a body on top of a car and it reminded me so much of a man I'd seen on top of a car in Rwanda in the genocide. I think the memories did add a layer of horror to the story."

In the first days after the hurricane, New Orleans was electric with disorder, and for many viewers, Cooper's reports helped bring humanity, perspective and some genuine outrage to the event. "The way I covered it is the way I cover most things," he says. "It's the way I've been working for the last 15 years—and I guess the difference was that more people were watching. I've always believed in a certain amount of intimacy in storytelling. Dispassion can be as false as false passion. If you're forcing yourself to be removed, I don't believe that, as much as I don't believe someone who is always outraged and shaking with self-righteous indignation, which we see a lot of on cable news in the United States."

Dispatches From the Edge, which maps out Cooper's personal and often graphic insights on Katrina and what he saw, is partially an attempt to overcome the polite limitations of prime time television. "When I was in New Orleans," he says, "I worried that as the flood waters receded and as the convention centre and the Superdome got cleaned up, people would somehow forget what happened there and the slate would somehow be wiped clean. It seemed to me that would compound the tragedy."

The book, now being heavily promoted on his show, feels at once like a worthy cultural document and a self-indulgent screed. The latter seems surprising from someone who says he strives to keep himself out of the story. One topic that is glaringly absent from *Dispatches* is that of his private life. In particular, Cooper's sexuality has been a source of broad speculation for some time. But it's a subject he refuses to address publicly. "I do my job and that's really what I'm about," he says. "The rest I have no interest in talking about and people can make up their own minds and think what they want."

Yet what could be more intimate than discussing the suicide of his brother? On the day of Carter's funeral, a small party of photographers snapped away as Cooper helped his grieving mother out of the car. "I hated them circling like vultures over our barely breathing bodies," he writes in his book. "I'd forgotten that moment, that feeling, until this past year, when I found myself reporting outside Terri Schiavo's hospice."

Perhaps there's a special insight that comes from having been on the harsh side of the camera, something few journalists ever experience. "It certainly makes me more sensitive now about how I cover tragedies," he says. "I've never asked somebody how they feel after they've lost a member of their family. I would never use that word. How do you *feel*? You see that a lot on TV. It's a terrible question. The response is 'How do you *think* I feel?'" M



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ALL THE PROFESSIONS of faith in 'our one truly mythological' PM sound like Matthew Arnold's 'melancholy, long, withdrawing roar'



IN HIS ESSAY on Trudeau, B.W. Powe talks about Zen and fish. Steyn wonders if, fish-wise, Trudeau's already off the menu

O come on all you Trudeau faithful

PET's reputation has shrivelled globally but you'd never know it from these adoring tomes

BY MARK STEYN

The other day, the *Forward*, New York's Jewish newspaper, ran a story headlined "Book offers new image of Canadian pol." Given that most New York readers don't have any old images of Canadian pols, this seemed an unlikely proposition. But the pol in question was *the* Canadian pol, Pierre Trudeau, who served as prime minister from 1968 to ... well, in Vienna in 2002 a middle-aged German said to me, "Canadian? Trudeau is still prime minister?" "Of course," I said, not wishing to detour the conversation down unrewarding paths.

Anyway, the so-called "new image" derives from *Young Trudeau: 1919-1944* by Max and Monique Nemni, who reveal that as a young man Trudeau had fascist sympathies, was prone to the routine anti-Semitism of mid-century Quebec francophones, blamed Britain for the Second World War, and spent it riding around Montreal wearing a German helmet. All this is the "old image" for some of us, but every few years the stories are dusted off and Trudeaupian experts are quoted professing shock and puzzlement. Morton Weinfeld, the McGill sociologist, put it down to "youthful stupidity"—after all, young Pierre was in his twenties, he couldn't be expected to know any better—though those other twentysomething things without benefit of his great intellect, the young Canadians and Englishmen and Scotsmen and Americans scrambling ashore at Normandy, all managed to figure it out. But professor Weinfeld says the new biography will "remind people how deeply entrenched in the Quebec of the 1930s those right-wing views were. Even someone who became as progressive as Trudeau was not immune to their seductive power."

"Right wing" and "progressive" aren't terribly useful labels in this regard, and all indications are that no great seduction was required to win Trudeau over to the dreary bigotry of wartime Quebec. It would be truer to say that he evolved from the conventionally parochial statism of the 1930s to the conventionally multicultural statism of the 1970s, which isn't quite as dramatic a leap as professor Weinfeld thinks.

Nonetheless, the Nemni book sounded worth a read, so I wandered into Indigo in Montreal and picked it up—in the French section. Then I toddled along to see if they had it in English. Not yet, apparently. Evidently Quebec Anglos aren't in the market for Trudeaupian revisionism. Instead, it was wall-to-wall hagiography. There was *Pierre: Colleagues and Friends Talk About the Trudeau They Knew*, and *The Hidden Pierre Elliott Trudeau: The Faith Behind the Politics*. That's hidden, all right, as in *Da Vinci Code* hidden.

Oddly enough, *Pierre* also begins with a section called "Faith." You'd almost think a sustained campaign was under way to persuade those Canadians who carelessly figured Trudeau didn't become a practising Catholic till the funeral that we've got him all wrong. It seems his life was, as Michael W. Higgins puts it, a "spiritual pilgrimage." Obviously, in respect of Margot Kidder and Liona Boyd and Barbra Streisand and so on and so forth, it was more shagadelic than the average spiritual pilgrimage, but nonetheless it was, as Higgins says, a life "defined by spirituality." In *The Faith Behind The Politics*, B.W. Powe of York University contributes an essay called "Soul's Flow: Pierre Trudeau's Hidden Current." Here's how it begins:

"Stephen Clarkson referred to the Zen statement that the fish is in the water, and the water is in the fish. I won't try to interpret this enigmatic koan, except to add a McLuhanesque twist: a fish is not (usually) aware of the water in which it lives. In short, our environments are mostly invisible to us.

"I will look at the mythopoetic aspects of Trudeau's time—the mythic impact he made on Canada, and on me. The word 'myth,' in this context, I take to mean narrative, symbol, allegory, the wedding of image and word, the crystallization of quintessential story, the poetry of existence, our intimations and intuitions of what may be transcendent..."

Etc., etc. I struggled on through the muddle of the sixth paragraph, by which point Powe's essay had no doubt won a Governor General's Award. Yes, yes, I know I sound bitter. As the old Zen saying has it, the fish is in the chip and the chip is on my shoulder. But you quickly realize that in this context "faith" means not Pierre Trudeau's faith in God, but these various writers' faith in Trudeau as a god. More conventional deities get short shrift. Stephen Clarkson opts for the old plague-on-both-their-houses routine. "George W. Bush in the White House and Osama bin Laden in his dark house (wherever that may be) represent two civilizations in which God or Allah is invoked as justification for wanting to destroy the other," Powe doesn't pussyfoot around with lame-o equivalence and cuts to the chase, citing "Bush's plan to trigger Armageddon in the Middle East, following the prophecies of 'The Book of Daniel,' of which the President is especially fond."

As these passing swipes suggest, there seems to be a certain resentment that the Trudeaupian faith hasn't made much headway in the wider world. Although Michael Valpy confidently hails him as "our one truly mythological Prime Minister," I wonder if, fish-wise, he's already off the menu. I got to the end of David Suzuki's autobiography, for example, and it suddenly occurred to me he hadn't so much as mentioned M. Trudeau, which must be a first for any memoir by a Canadian of this generation. I riffled through *The David Suzuki Reader*, his big compendium from a couple of years back, and could find only one reference to the great man: "The turbulent era of the 1960s and 1970s ended with the retirement of Pierre Trudeau and the end of the Vietnam War"—i.e., just a bit of slapdash generic signposting.

In *The Autobiography*, Suzuki finds time for the contractually required shot at George W. Bush—"The country founded on a separation of church and state has seen the intrusion of a Christian fundamentalism into the very centre of power"—and has some rather good royal anecdotes, the ones on the Princess of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh being marvellous distillations of their respective characters. He also has an enjoyably snarky aside about *A Peter Gzowski Reader*, bemoaning his CBC comrade's pitiful obsession with royalty, prime ministers and governors general, and chiding him for his habit of doing a big interview on whatever the apocalyptic eco-doom story of the day was and then shrugging it off and moving on to an item about Canada's world yodelling champion. But, given that he subscribes to all Trudeau's banalities about the wickedness of capitalism and American foreign policy, you'd think Suzuki would put in a word for the old boy.

Perhaps this is merely one deity declining to worship at the altar of another. It's a depressing feature of contemporary life that quite so many places in the All-Time Top Ten Greatest Canadians Hit Parade are held by narrow, doctrinaire, mushy-left figures—Trudeau, Suzuki, Tommy Douglas—whom we're supposed to regard as gods in human form. If these are truly Canadian all-time heroes, their shelf life is distressingly short on his retirement, Trudeau took his sons to Siberia because "that is where the future is being made." In 1984? Suzuki's beloved Kyoto treaty is melting faster than the ice caps. And, barring some malign convergence of SARS, bird flu and *C. difficile* in Montreal's Royal Victoria, we'll all live to regret our Tommy Douglas health system. Trudeau's reputation has shrivelled globally to all but undetectable levels, as the international A-listers at his funeral sadly confirmed (Jimmy Carter, Fidel Castro, and Najib Zerouali, minister of scientific research for Morocco, a nation renowned for its scientific research). It would be nice if the book trade caught up to reality. As it is, these professions of faith sound like Matthew Arnold's "melancholy, long, withdrawing roar."

Fortunately, Conrad Black is on hand to keep things in proportion. In *Pierre*, he concludes his appreciation thus:

"I always found him a delightful conversationalist and a gracious host, though perhaps slow to reach for the bill in a restaurant, even when we were there on his invitation."

Too true. He left us with the bill, in every sense. M



FRED CHARTRAND/CP

STONE/GETTY IMAGES

FINALLY A BOOK ABOUT...EMINENT BOOKS

The best thing about compilations like *Twelve Books That Changed the World* (McArthur) is the opportunity to argue that they provide. But broadcaster Melvyn Bragg's oh-so-British dozen will evoke more than a few quibbles. Darwin's *Origin of Species* and Newton's *Principia Mathematica* may be beyond reproach, but how does a list that ignores the Koran find room for soccer's first (1863) law code, *The Rule Book of Association Football*?

MACLEAN'S BESTSELLERS

COMPILED BY BRIAN BETHUNE

Fiction

		LAST WEEK (WEEKS ON LIST)
1.	BOOK OF LONGING by Leonard Cohen	5 (4)
2	BLUE SHOES AND HAPPINESS by Alexander McCall Smith	3 (5)
3	SUITE FRANÇAISE by Irène Némirovsky	1 (7)
4	PIECE OF MY HEART by Peter Robinson	2 (2)
5.	JPOD by Douglas Coupland	4 (2)
6	THE BIRTH HOUSE by Ami McKay	6 (11)
7	IN THE COMPANY OF THE COURTESAN by Sarah Dunant	9 (12)
8.	THE SECRET SUPPER by Jay er Sierra	10 (8)
9.	CERTAINTY by Madalaina Thian	8 (5)
10	EVERYMAN by Philip Roth	7 (4)

Non-fiction

1	THE NASTY BITS by Anthony Bourdain	3 (3)
2	THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY by David Suzuki	1 (8)
3	MARLEY & ME by John Grogan	2 (10)
4	THE WEATHER MAKERS by Tim Flannery	4 (12)
5	SIX WORDS YOU NEVER KNEW HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH PIGS by Katherine Barber	9 (13)
6	STUMBLING ON HAPPINESS by Daniel Gilbert	(1)
7	THE ISLAND OF SEVEN CITIES by Paul Chiasson	5 (2)
8	SORRY I DON T SPEAK FRENCH by Graham Fraser	8 (6)
8	FREAKONOMICS by Steven D. Levitt and Stephen J. Dubner	10 (47)
10	MY LIFE IN FRANCE by Julia Child	7 (2)



JOHN WAYNE played a morally ambiguous character in *The Searchers*, inspiring later anti-heroes like Travis Bickle in *Taxi Driver*

Most flattered movie of all time

A 50-year-old western has influenced directors from George Lucas to Paul Schrader

BY JAIME J. WEINMAN • This year is the 50th anniversary of John Ford's film *The Searchers* and with it comes a special-edition DVD (due from Warner Home Video on June 6). Viewers who have seen the film before can revisit the story of Ethan Edwards (John Wayne) and his five year search for his kidnapped niece Debbie (Natalie Wood). But viewers who see it for the first time may mostly be thinking "Didn't I see this in *Star Wars*?"

George Lucas, by his own admission, borrowed heavily from *The Searchers* for scenes and plot points in the original *Star Wars*, one shot, where Luke Skywalker discovers the charred remains of his family, is an exact copy of a shot in *The Searchers*. And it's not just Lucas. Director Ron Howard's 2003 western *The Missing* played like a *Searchers* retread, while Joss Whedon's *Firefly* and *Serenity* have been described as "*The Searchers* in space." Writer/director Paul Schrader made a movie, *Hardcore*, that took the plot of *The Searchers* and transplanted it from the Wild West to the porn industry. (The transition was surprisingly easy.) If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then *The Searchers* is the most flattered movie of all time.

That wasn't always the case. When the film was first released, it was mostly treated as just another movie from the prolific team of Wayne and Ford: "a ripsnorting Western," in the words of Bosley Crowther of the *New York Times*, but no milestone. But as Ford's reputation started to grow among film students and critics in the 1960s, *The Searchers* became his most-admired film. By the early 1970s, in the words of movie historian Nick Redman, it "went from being a solid Ford/Wayne effort to being one of the great auteur masterpieces."

It also became the favourite movie of a new generation of filmmakers. The closing shot of *The Godfather* echoes the famous closing shot of *The Searchers*, where a door closes on John Wayne and the screen goes black. Steven Spielberg screened the film twice while making his own obsessive-quest movie, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. And Redman points out that even the film's structure has been adopted by many Hollywood movies since the '70s. "The very idea of a distraught relative going into an alien world to bring out of it another relative or a friend—those movies have proliferated in the last 25 years, and all of them can be traced back to *The Searchers* in one form or another."

Part of moviemakers' fascination with it is that, instead of spelling everything out for the audience like most Hollywood movies, Ford's film keeps many plot points submerged. The story depends upon the fact that Ethan is in love with his brother's wife, but this is never mentioned, just implied in a silent sequence Ford improvised during filming. Like the '70s movies it influenced, *The Searchers* doesn't tell us what to think. "You have to work with the film to find all that [it] has to offer," says Redman.

Another thing that made *The Searchers* so impressive to young, ambitious directors was the way it presented a hero who was unheroic, and even scary. Ethan Edwards is an anti-social misfit who, it is implied, took to a life of crime after the Civil War. After his brother and his family are massacred by Comanches, he sets out to find his last surviving relative, Debbie, but he doesn't want to save her; he wants to kill her for "livin' with a buck." The movie draws parallels between Ethan and his nemesis, the Comanche chief Scar (Henry Brandon), inviting us to see that both characters are equally vengeful and uncivilized.

That a commercial Hollywood western could matter-of-factly put a murderous racist at the centre of the story, and blur the distinctions between hero and villain, became an inspiration to directors who fought to tell stories that unsettle audiences instead of making them feel comfortable. Traces of Ethan Edwards appear in later anti-heroes like Travis Bickle in Martin Scorsese's *Taxi Driver* (written by Schrader).

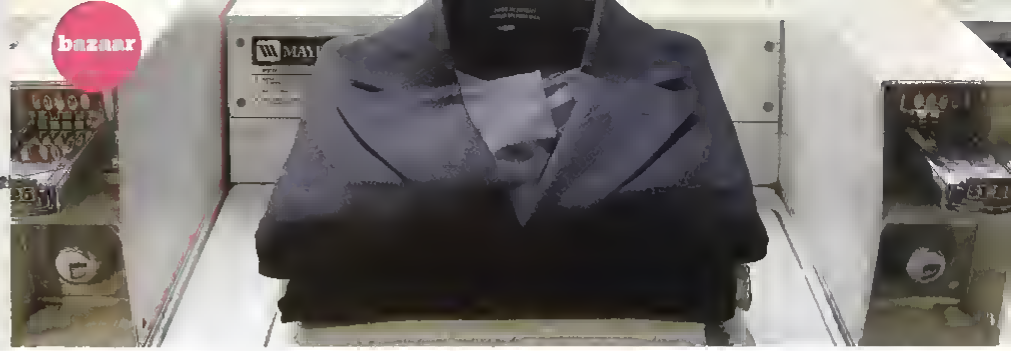
The new DVD set includes the usual collection of reverential commentaries and documentaries. The highlight is Redman's 1999 documentary *A Turning of the Earth: John Ford, John Wayne and The Searchers*. In it, writer/director John Milius (*Conan the Barbarian*) calls *The Searchers* "a seminal and primal experience." Now that the film is back in circulation, we can get an idea of why so many directors feel that way, and why it has been so influential. Even if its best known legacy is a film about Luke Skywalker and a bunch of robots. M



WE'RE STALKING... NICOLE KIDMAN

Yes, an entire night of "new country" music is hard to take. Still, Nicole Kidman shouldn't have left fiancé Keith Urban dateless on his big night at the Academy of Country Music Awards—where he picked up his second top male vocalist award. The Australian couple have said no to a pre-nup. (Kidman had a whopper of one with Tom Cruise.) And as wild rumours begin to fly about the wedding, we know only one thing for certain: Bette Midler's invited.

EVERETT COLLECTION



TAKE POLYESTER, add wool and Lycra, and history is made, even though one snooty British clothier calls it the 'anti-Christ' of suits

Honey, I can't shrink my suit

Is the first fully washable, dryable and iron-free suit a marvel or a major fashion faux pas?

BY JOHN INTINI • When it was introduced to the American public in the 1950s, polyester was heralded as a busy man's fabric—one that didn't need constant attention and ironing. It proved to be a big hit. But over the years (except, of course, the years of disco), polyester has become a bit of a punchline—the main ingredient in cheap, stiff-looking suits. In fact, there hasn't been anything cool about a guy in a polyester suit since John Travolta squeezed into his little white number for *Saturday Night Fever* in 1977.

But that hasn't deterred one Israeli suit maker from trying to revolutionize the industry with a polyester-wool blend that has one very important wrinkle on the traditional. Bagir Ltd. claims that its recently released Stafford collection (made from 55 per cent polyester, 42 per cent wool and three per cent Lycra—which helps maintain the shape of the garment) is the first suit containing wool in history capable of being machine-washed, tumble-dried and worn without ironing. "Sometimes it'll need a little touch on the lapel," concedes Offer Gilboa, Bagir's CEO. "But it's just a one-minute operation."

Surprisingly, the suit—which comes in black, navy, tan and grey pinstripe, as well as single- or double-breasted—doesn't feel as cheap to the touch as the one you probably wore to your high-school prom. And at only US$300, it will likely be a perfect starter suit for young professionals, as well as a good option for men who travel a lot and can benefit from the convenience of wash, dry and wear. "Even if it doesn't replicate a serious suit, it will get a whole new market of men appreciating silhouette, shape and pinstripes," says Steve Pelman, who has been a suit maker at Samson's in Vancouver for 25 years. "The diehards who know and can afford good tailoring are constant. But the market out there buying on price and convenience is huge."

Bagir's breakthrough—dubbed by one snooty British clothier as the "anti-Christ"—is just the latest from a company that previously developed a wool-blend suit that adjusts to a wearer's body heat and maintains a comfort level in hot or cold temperatures. A few years ago, Gilboa and his team developed their first fully washable suit, which sold remarkably well—even among style-conscious Brits. In fact, since 2004, more than 750,000 have been purchased off the racks at Marks & Spencer in Britain. "We had great success with the washable suit, but customers told us they didn't want to wait for it to drip-dry," says Gilboa. "It's all about convenience—ease of use, ease of care."

So a team of designers was assembled, and about a year and $10 million later the machine-washable and tumble-dryable suit was complete. According to its creators, the latest Stafford Washable looks as good after 30 cycles as a suit with similar fabric that has been dry-cleaned 30 times. "We redesigned all the materials between the lining and the fabric," says Moshe Gadot, Bagir's director of global development and marketing. "One of the toughest things was finding fusing materials that could handle the extreme tumble-dry machines—some reach 100° C."

Unwilling to rest on the company's success, and fully aware of the stigma attached to polyester, Gadot says the next generation of Bagir's tumble-dryable suits will be 60 per cent wool. "People perceive that more wool in the product is better—and they may be right," he says. "One day we will have a 100 per cent wool suit that is fully washable. But we want to bring the wool percentage up without using chemicals. We want to take the natural route—which is more challenging."

Since Bagir has secured deals with M&S in Britain and JCPenney in the U.S., the biggest challenge on the retail front is educating consumers that this suit—which cuts down expensive dry-cleaning bills—is a smart alternative. "For those who have worn suits for many years, it's almost blasphemy to put a suit in the dryer," says Gilboa. "But once they see it, their perception changes."

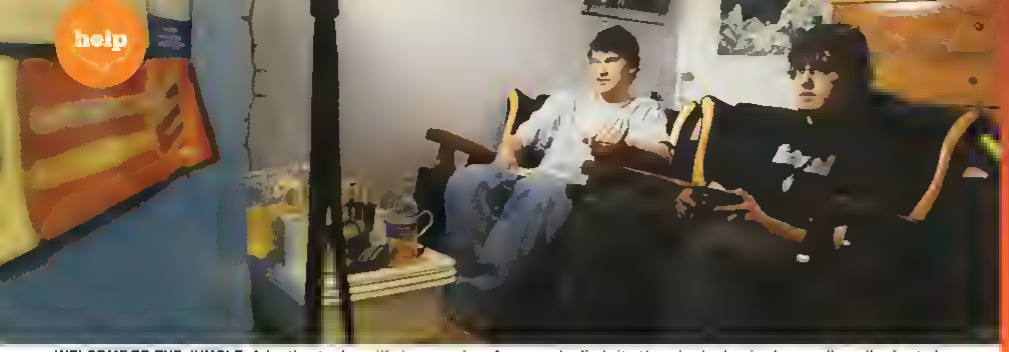
Maurizio Vial, who owns Stavros Master Tailors in Toronto, doesn't deny there's a large market for it, but isn't sold on the idea. "It's a fad," says Vial, who sells handcrafted, made-to-measure suits starting at $3,200. "If you use the proper ingredients—proper padding, proper canvas—a suit won't stand up to a washer and dryer. It doesn't make sense. You put one of our suits—a real suit—in the dryer, and it's going to fit my daughter's doll. This suit isn't the real McCoy. It's like ordering a Ferrari, but getting it in automatic." M

PHOTOGRAPH BY CATHERINE DEAN



WHAT THEY GOT FOR IT... SATAN'S PHONE NUMBER

The Number of the Beast is now also somebody's cellphone number. Last week at a charity auction in Doha, Qatar, an anonymous bidder paid 10 million Qatari riyals (just over $3 million) for the cell number 666-6666—the most money ever spent on a telephone number. That bid beat the previous record, set in 2003 for 8888-8888 in China where the number "8" is lucky. The Qatari number will be auspicious next week, on June 6, 2006.



WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE Adapting to dorm life is unnerving. Anyone who finds it otherwise is cleerly abnormelly well-edjusted.

Etiquette for the modern frosh

Is his anti-perspirant off-limits to you? Can your girlfriend move in? A few simple rules.

BY LIANNE GEORGE • It's that time of year when soon-to-be high school graduates begin to imagine what their new, grown up lives might look like come fall. For many, the fantasy involves packing up and moving into a university dorm—more euphemistically called residence—where they will be blissfully out of parenting range, perhaps for the very first time. Preparing logistically for university is easy enough. (Bring milk crates and beanbag chairs—it's the law.) The emotional transition, however, can be difficult. Adapting to residence life is an unnerving experience, and anyone who believes otherwise is clearly abnormally well-adjusted. In her new book, *The College Dorm Survival Guide*, teen-self-help author Julia DeVillers valiantly attempts to address the common concerns of freshman students who plan to live on-campus, and, perhaps more importantly, those of their neurotic parents.

For parents, there is really only one rule when you drop off your children on their first day, don't humiliate them. Don't drill your daughter's new roommate on her position on premarital sex and substance abuse. Don't tell funny stories about how your "little man" wet the bed until he was 12. And don't linger. The family of one student DeVillers interviewed stationed their RV in the campus parking lot for three days in order to "help" their daughter adjust to her new home. "Parents might want to help unpack, or set up the room," says DeVillers, "but it can be difficult or embarrassing if they don't want to leave."

Clingy parents aside, without a doubt the No. 1 fear incoming students have, according to DeVillers, is that they will be stuck with a dud of a roommate. "That blows everything else away," she says. Some students choose to avoid this possibility altogether by rooming with an old high school friend—something DeVillers advises against. "College is a nice time for people to try on new identities and really discover who they want to be," she says. "It's hard enough without the baggage of somebody who knew you when you threw up in class in second grade."

When students meet their roommates for the first time, they should be open-minded, and not be put off by apparent differences. To avoid conflict later on, DeVillers advises new roommates to establish some ground rules upfront. For example, one could ask, Is it okay for me to listen to music while you are studying? Do my Anne Geddes prints offend you? Is your anti-perspirant off-limits to me? Can my boyfriend move in with us?

She also points out that at some point, two strangers learning to live together in close proximity are bound to clash. "Common complaints include roommates who are messy, who keep different hours, who are too loud, and have too many visitors," says DeVillers. Another common annoyance, she says, is being repeatedly "sexiled" (i.e. "being banished from the room because your roommate is engaging in intimate relations").

The author devotes an entire chapter to the communal washroom, which for many freshmen is among the hardest things to get used to—especially if it's communal *and* co-ed. "Some students were really not fazed by it," she says, "and others were so freaked out, they never really got used to it. They would find out what times the washrooms had the least traffic and they worked around it. I had one girl who only took showers at 4:30 a.m. Which can completely screw up your life." As for who is technically responsible for cleaning up vomit on the bathroom floor, DeVillers will only say that the residence cleaning staff is not there to clean up after anyone. (If memory serves, the answer to this riddle often turns out to be nobody.)

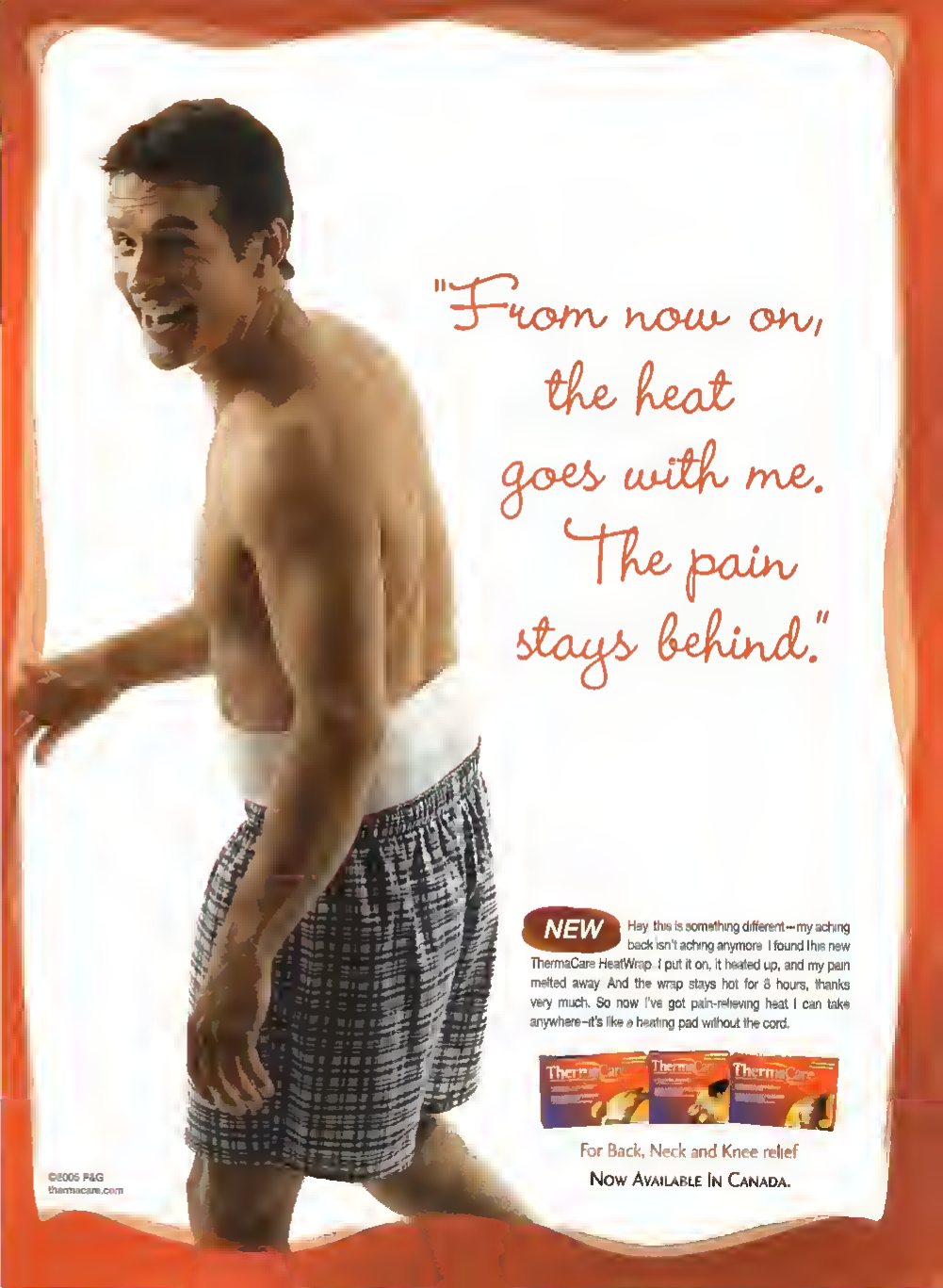
Hygiene aside, much of DeVillers' advice will bring comfort to the hearts of parents everywhere. For instance, she cautions against intra-dorm dating. "If you get dumped or if you dump them," she says, "you still have to see them day in and day out and watch them go out with other people. And sometimes you're the centre of the rumour mill for a while." Also, she warns freshmen against the temptation to engage in "negative bonding"—that is, connecting with people over negative things such as alcohol and drug abuse, vandalism, and skipping classes—just because you want to fit in. Instead, she offers some wholesome and rather optimistic examples of positive bonding: sharing good memories of high school, having a study night in the study room, and doing "sneak attack" nice things for people on your floor. Your mother would be proud. M



MOST IMPROVED — AXL ROSE

The Guns N' Roses frontmen was always more thorn than rose. During his post-implosion exile, he was just plain seedy. Now Rose, 44, is back. At Rosario Dawson's birthday party, he went all fisticuffs on fashion designer Tommy Hilfiger, 55, in a dispute over where Hilfiger's girlfriend had perked her drink. The scuffle may mean a return to form for Rose, who says *Chinese Democracy*, the long-awaited Guns N' Roses record, will be out this fall.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRISTINNE MUSCHI



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MACLEAN'S

ROGERS
Your World Right Now

Blow hard, ye winds of death



This just in: the U.S. National Weather Service is predicting an above-average hurricane season, with four to six named storms of category 3 or greater

Memo from the Network News Director: Finally, some good news.

All that interminable coverage of politics, the war on terrorism, the immigration debate—sometimes it felt like winter would never end.

But hurricane season is finally here! Yay!!

From now 'til October, this is what our 24-hour news operation is all about—getting there long before a big storm hits, being there when it hits, trying to hide our disappointment that it didn't hit harder, and then immediately leaving to go to where the next one might possibly hit maybe.

The Weather Service is predicting a total of 10 hurricanes this year, with up to six reaching category 3 or greater. It'll be a summer of storm surges, devastating gusts and abject human misery. All I can say is—let's keep our fingers crossed that the bird flu outbreak keeps 'til fall sweeps!

Now, as I've noted, we did a heck of a job with Katrina. True, we got a few things wrong, mostly, the facts. We got the facts wrong. But we must never forget that facts are only one part of a story—the boring part. We did pretty well with the other parts, especially getting helicopter shots of fat people swimming in their underwear. We could fill a whole DVD with that kind of footage—and we did, as anyone who attended the staff Christmas party can attest.

But the bottom line is that we need to learn from our mistakes. Specifically, we need to make sure that if a Katrina-sized disaster happens again in 2006, we make the *exact* same mistakes. Because the ratings—*wow!*

I'm not saying there's a downside to what happened in New Orleans, but we can't ignore that the bar for storm coverage has been raised. In a perfect scenario, every hurricane would result in widespread destruction, chronic looting and societal anarchy. But we aren't lucky enough to live in Bangladesh. And so we will need to adapt to the reality that, until the memory of Katrina fades, viewers will no longer be content simply to see our correspondents blown sideways and battered by debris.

That's why I'm instituting some changes for Hurricane Season 2006.

Title: Last year, we billed ourselves as America's Hurricane Headquarters. We need to jazz that up. I'm leaning toward Hurricanes R Us, but am also willing to hear arguments in favour of Winds of Death. They Blow For Thee.

Equipment: All correspondents heading into a hurricane zone will be equipped with a personal wind speed indicator. Place it in front of your mouth when you file your report—if you're on live and measuring less than a Category 2 Rhetorical Bluster, you're fired.

The Weather Team: The term "meteorologist" is old and tired and difficult for me to spell. From now on our storm trackers shall be identified as WindWhisperers. Also, I went to the courthouse this morning and officially changed the name of our chief WindWhisperer from Flip to Stormulon. Creates more of a mood, don't you think?

The Details: During Katrina, we described the looting by saying things like, "There's a man carrying a television." I think our stories would have had more emotional impact if we'd said, "There's a man carrying a 27-inch Toshiba flat screen with surround sound." (It's true that news guidelines prohibit the raising of revenue through product placement—but they are silent on "product notteing," which pretty much pays the same.)

The Lingo: Our viewers like to know the speed, course and maximum sustained winds of a hurricane, so they can shake their heads with confidence and say, "Them Missourians sure is boned." But we need to bring drama to the techno-mumbo. That's why I'm ordering the WindWhisperer to add at the end of each hurricane update: "And so, in conclusion, run for your lives!"

Colleagues, it is said that comedy equals tragedy plus time. In my career, I've learned that TV news equals tragedy plus a camera crew.

Covering hurricanes is a noble journalistic tradition—for if we as TV correspondents don't stand out in the middle of the storm for no reason other than to stand out in the middle of the storm, then who is going to stand out in the middle of the storm for no reason? Hobos? Possibly some intrepid hookers? That's crazy. Most hookers don't even have a satellite uplink!

You have my best wishes for a safe and destructive hurricane season. M

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Erin Davis & Mike Cooper
in the morning.

98.1CHFI
Toronto's Life Favourites



ROGERS
Your World Right Now

Gustav Klimt, baby bling, beer cuffs and bronze draft dodgers in our compendium of things that make life worth living



GET YOUR TAXI STAMP

The Mumbai Marriott's Enigma nightclub has come up with an idea that should be adopted worldwide: to prevent drunk driving, the club stamps the phone number for a cab on club-hopping hands as customers enter the bar.

BEER BRACELETS

Made from a totally unique combination—sterling silver and tin can—these chunky beer and soda cuffs by D-Licious come in Guinness, Dr Pepper, Bud and more (*elsewares.com*)



DRAFT AND DODGE CONTROVERSY

The *Welcoming Peace Sculpture*, featuring a Canadian greeting U.S. draft dodgers, was commissioned by a Nelson, B.C., resident for an anti-war festival. But when some U.S. veterans threatened a tourism boycott against the town, Nelson city council said it couldn't go on public land. Then, there were rumours that nearby Castlegar and its peace-loving Doukhobor residents were going to take it off Nelson's hands. But now, the matter has been settled and the statue will sit in the front yard of Ernest Hekkanen, a draft dodger from Seattle who lives in Nelson. (The final nine-foot bronze version will be unveiled in July.)



HOLLAND HAUNTS

Formerly of the Be Good Tanyas, San Francisco singer Jolie Holland's first two solo albums were full of ghostly country blues. On her latest, *Springtime Can Kill You*, Holland sounds like a hillbilly in a cocktail dress—awkward, endearing, full of promise.

STEER MADNESS

They dig it in Tacoma and Tulsa. Now the bull-riding equivalent of the NHL, known as the PBR Rocky Cup, is in full swing in Canada. Next stop Winnipeg (June 2-3), for two days of bull busting, fireworks and AC/DC. (*pbrcanada.com*)



GADDAFI SINGS!

Sung in trip hop, not arias, *Gaddafi*, the opera, tackles the dictator formerly known as World Enemy No. 1—his vanity, chronic reinvention, and the cult of personality around him. Combining punk, ska and north African beats, it premieres at the English National Opera in September. (*eno.org*)

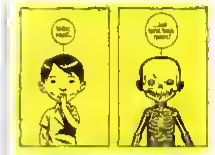


FOLD, POINT AND SHOOT

Forgot your camera? Just download the one at *lmatree.com* and print it out on stiff paper. A few cuts, folds, and tabs in slots and, presto, you have a pinhole camera capable of using 35-mm film. More fun than the plastic ones from the drugstore.

BRAD'S BABY? NO BRAD'S BABEL

Coming out of Cannes, everyone's talking about *Babel*—a drama set in Morocco, Tunisia, Mexico and Japan, from director Alejandro Gonzalez Iñárritu (*Amores perros*, *21 Grams*). Now get a first look at Brad Pitt and Cate Blanchett as a married couple embroiled in a major drama. *youtube.com/watch?v=V1kGXmYSlO0&search=babel*



POST-HIKE READING

One kid likes the outdoors, the other likes to read? Take them to Banff Comic Craze, a summer-long exhibit at the Banff Centre, features the top 100 talents in Canadian comics. And curators encourage you to curl up and pore over them.

LITTLE PIMPIN'

Pimpfants clothing line features "babybeaters" and shirts with street cute slogans, like "Bling," and "My Mom is a MILF." (Need an explanation? This isn't for you—or your children.) *pimpfants.com*



LOOT IN L.A.

The five masterful Gustav Klimt (1862-1918) paintings on view at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art come complete with their own dramatic backstory, involving the Austrian Jewish industrialist Ferdinand Bloch-Bauer, Nazis, looting, and a lengthy legal battle. Go for the paintings, stay for the intrigue. (*lacma.org*, until June 30)



ROLL CAMERA, CUE LAUGHS

It seemed like *Extras* would never make it to Canada. But now the BBC series, created by and starring Ricky Gervais (*The Office*) as a fortysomething English movie extra who mixes it up with the likes of Kate Winslet, Patrick Stewart, Samuel L. Jackson and Ben Stiller, will run on the CH station (whenever available), starting May 31.

THE END

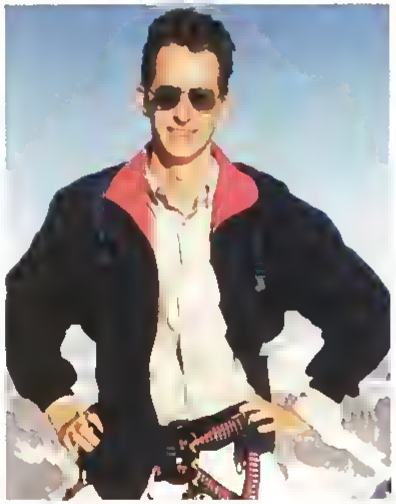
DAVID SHARP

1972-2006

A determined loner, 'he wanted to be top of everything.' On Everest, he was abandoned.

David Sharp was born on Feb. 15, 1972, and grew up in Guisborough, an ancient market town bordering the moors of northeast England. It was perfect country for a youngster with a fondness for adventure and the outdoors. He and his older brother Paul were both full of energy, say their parents, John and Linda Sharp. But young David was possessed of exceptional intellectual and physical drive. "He wanted to be top of everything," his mother recalls.

A gangly child with what one teacher remembers as "hamster cheeks," David excelled at Laurence Jackson School before moving on at age 16 to nearby Prior Pursglove College, where his academic performance took off. And here, while he cloaked his determination in cordiality, his prodigious abilities set him apart. "I remember him as a bit of a loner, even in the classroom," says Steve Hunnisett, Pursglove's assistant principal and physics teacher. "He was determined to find the best solution, not wishing to rely on others. He would often seek out extra challenges with additional reading, then push my intellectual limits by discussing them. David was one of the ablest students I've ever taught." Though he majored in maths and sciences, Sharp emerged from the college in 1990 with five A levels, an accomplishment only three or four of the school's 350 graduates achieve each year.



From Pursglove, it was on to Nottingham University, where Sharp obtained a degree in engineering with first class honours, and where he first caught the mountaineering bug. He joined the university's climbing club, quickly developing an obsession that took him on climbing trips to the Matterhorn in the Alps, Kilimanjaro in Tanzania, and Cho Oyu in Nepal, as well as trekking expeditions throughout Southeast Asia and South America. By 2003, Sharp had decided to tackle the white whale of the Himalayas, Mount Everest. That spring, he joined a team from Northern Ireland and made a valiant attempt to reach the peak of the 29,028 foot behemoth, turning back a mere 1,200 vertical feet from the summit because of vicious winds and heavy snow. He made another bid the following year, only to be forced back at the same altitude because of inadequate oxygen reserves.

These twin disappointments left him reflective, if not defeated. At 32, Sharp had decided that life as an engineer was not what he wanted. He had worked for a time at a global defence and security firm, QinetiQ, breaking away on six-month sabbaticals for travel and mountain climbing. But he could not afford to spend his life battling rocks, ice and high winds, either. He decided, therefore, to qualify himself as a math teacher—a job that would allow him to use his academic ability while sharing his experiences with young people. It was typical of his appetite for variety, says Linda Sharp. "David wanted to do what he wanted to do. He probably packed as much in at 34 as some people do in a lifetime."

Still, Everest beckoned, and he decided to take one more shot. Having learned much about the mountain on his past trips—and having spent a lot of money on them—Sharp attached himself this spring to a cheaper, Sherpa-run expedition out of Kathmandu, which left him with greater responsibility for his own welfare. The team trekked in early April through the mountains to Tibet, and there prepared to assault the mountain from its northeast ridge. This time, he seemed inured to the risks. Dewa Sherpa, a manager for the expedition company Asia Trekking, told reporters Sharp had set out on his summit bid last week with only two four-litre bottles of oxygen—three fewer than most non-Sherpas would bring. "He told me he was taking them as backup," Dewa said. "I presume he wanted to go to the summit without oxygen."

It is believed that Sharp did in fact reach the peak early on May 15, yet encountered problems on his way back down. Numerous ascending climbers reported finding him in a snow cave around 28,000 feet, out of oxygen and in distress. One of the estimated 40 people to pass by him was Mark Inglis, a New Zealander who made headlines as the first double amputee to conquer the mountain. "He was in very poor condition, near death," according to Inglis, whose party gave Sharp some of their oxygen. "We talked about what to do for quite a lot of time and it was a very hard decision."

Their choice—to leave Sharp where he was—would stir controversy. Some of the most experienced mountaineers to scale Everest note that rescue attempts made in the so-called "death zone" above 26,000 feet can cost a Samaritan his life. Others, including Sir Edmund Hillary, whose 1953 party was the first to summit Everest, find this attitude horrifying. "Human life is far more important than just getting to the top of a mountain," Hillary said recently.

Sharp died on May 15, one of an estimated 200 people to perish on Everest since the 1920s. His body is among dozens littering the mountain's upper cols, which climbers sidestep each spring on their journey to the summit.

BY CHARLIE GILLIS

PORTRAITS AND LIFE



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